Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XI. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 2, 1832. Whole No. 566.

INTERIOR OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

INTERIOR.

The whole length, including the library beyond the altar is about 300 feet, breadth 70, and transept 136. The whole was lately new repaired and furnished with most suitable combination of colours. The body of the church is used for public preaching and early prayers, and is filled with pews, a throne for the bishop, &c. The east window is adorned with modern painted glass, representing seven of the apostles, St. Paul, Luke, Matthew, Peter, Mark, John and Andrew, with the arms of those nobility and gentry of the diocese, at whose joint expense the decorations were executed. The screen displays much fancy and magnificence of antiquity, representing from the creation to the ascension in carved colours. Over this is an organ, sixteen in very fine, the largest pipe being fifteen inches in diameter, two more than that of the celebrated one of Ulm. The choir is particularly light and beautiful; the east window contains good old painting, the altar piece finely devised and ornamented with a perspective view of the inside of the church, painted in the reign of James I., and the throne of most curious workmanship; the carvings of the canopy are 60 feet high. A great number of tombs are here, among others those of earl of Hereford, earl of Devon, and his lady, lord Chicester, bishops Stafford, Stapelton, Lacy, &c. Sir Richard Stapleton, Sir Peter Carew, having seventeen coats of arms, all impaled on the tomb, dated 1575, several other Carews, and knights Templars, lying cross-legged in armour; and a fine monument in the Lady's chapel, to the memory of the celebrated judge Dodderige, obit 1628, æt 73. with this inscription—

"Learning adieu, for Dodderige is gone,
To tie his earthly to his heavenly throne."

WHAT I LOVE THEE FOR.

Inscribed to our amiable Miss M—— A——

I love thee for the modest cloud
That veils the love-telling eye,
Those long gold locks, containing a deep sunbeam sky,
Where Angels smile serenely, and cupids skip about.

I love thee for thy cherry mouth, love's dimples nestling there;
Thy brow, o'ershaded with roses of blue, and brown o'er-shadowing hair
Those hearts so steel and white, that resist so most and chaste,
And such sweet, petite feet before—like I've never seen
That form, "one fair and faultless," so fresh from beauty's mould.
Thy rosy cheeks contented, might warm a heart that's cold;
In rains they've moved a speechless fire, that might rouse the dreamy,
They've lighted many a gloomy hour, and darkened many a day.
But though thy beauty wins the heart, that now consumes my heart.
Thy charms in mind will feed the flame, when beauty does depart;
Beauty soon may fade away, but never learning's page,
And heart with love and wisdom warmed, gets warmer still with age.
But though thy sense and beauty, keeps love's throbbings in my breast,
There is a charm of charms that beats, more bright than all the rest;
In sadder hours, it cheers round, my ever sleepless brain,
And when I wake in silvered moon, I dream it o'er again.
'Tis pleasant e'en to think on it—'tis magic to possess—
The homely maid is lovely, with it, beyond all loveliness.
And pleased, were they straight of it, to change, I'd wage to any
The richest dames would in chameleon—I mean at least to me
The fairest hand, while creeping legs, on wide expanded wings,
Now dotted his princess with a charm, like that which now I sing
Tweak'd may the beau of Africa from his heads and gold-en sallies,
And "to what I owe love thee for—*The fifty thousand dollars*. GUESS.

JOSEPHINE AND FORTUNE TELLER.

"The day before my first marriage while taking my usual walk, I observed a number of negro girls assembled around a woman, engaged in telling their fortunes. I flew near in order to hear her pretended skill. She, on seeing me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost fell into my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. Amused at these absurdities, as I thought them, I allowed her to proceed, saying, 'as you divine something extraordinary in my destiny?—' Yes' —'a succession of misfortunes marks my lot?—' Misfortune, my child! happiness, too.' 'You take care not to commit yourself, my good dame; your oracles are not the most intelligible.' I am not permitted to make them more so,' and she uncovered, raising her eyes with a movement of concentrated emotion—'Do not be angry, my child! I see nothing terrible—nothing to be excited at—what real misfortune can be flagging?'—'What do I see in fortune?—I am not to become queen of Lapeck?'—'Yes, indeed, queen, etc.—Come my good mother, what am I to fear or hope?—Do your eyes bend to it then, listen: You will be united soon; the union will not be happy—you will become a mother, and then you will be Queen of France.' Some happy years will be yours, but you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotions.'—'Is that the misfortune, then, she continued Josephine, in a tone of voice from the servant, and turned away, as if to her looks, concealed by my mouth to permit. I then dismissed the sorceress in ambient or hinter the pretended greatness of the coloured prediction; and took occasion from the opening credulity of the whole processing, to relate the many occasions how they gave heed to such errors. Bonaparte, I thought of the affair only to laugh at with my relations. But after-ward, when my husband perished in the wreck, in spite of my better judgment, the prediction forcibly occurred to my mind after a lapse of years; and although I was myself then in prison, the dungeon only assumed a less repulsive character, and I looked forward to regarding the fulfilment as almost a matter of course.

The above recital may be corroborated, if necessary, by the testimony of various persons, who, at different times, have heard it from the lips of the individual concerned.

PORTRAIT OF JOSEPHINE.

"Josephine was rather above than below the middle size, but exactly that perfection of stature which is neither to tall for delicacy or feminine symmetry, nor so diminutive as to destroy its dignity. Her person, in its several forms, exhibited faultless symmetry; and the easy, graceful, animated by liveliness and elasticity of movement, was something new in its perfectly graceful energy. This harmonious union of various constituents yet more in the depth of thought still youthful air, so remarkable in Josephine's appearance. Her features were small and finely modelled, the nose tending rather to fulness, but the noble inclining to Grecian, but without any stiffness or coldness in the outline. The habitual character of her countenance was placed on record, written whose influence their very lives when would not have felt indifferent to a judge or gentle. Perhaps the first impression might have been a feeling that there wanted energy; but on could have been for an instant only, for the real charm of the mind countenance resided in the power of varied expression, changing with each vicissitude of thought and sentiment. Josephine's very honest admirer, did not scruple to say, 'The eyes are the finest in the world.' Josephine's were of a deep blue, large and brilliant, even imposing in their expression, when turned fully upon any one; but in their usual manner they had a habit of looking thus with a mild subdued glance upon those she loved, throwing into her regard such winning tenderness as might not easily be resisted, and, even in his darkest moods, Napoleon confessed its tranquilizing power. Recalling exactly the fine description of the old poet, Josephine's long hair was glossy chesnut brown, the same sunny richness predominated delightfully with a clear and transparent complexion, and a neck of almost dazzling whiteness. Her eye-brows were a shade darker, arching regularly, and pencilled with extreme delicacy.—She read delightfully; and nature had been here particularly propitious, for so harmonious were the tones of her voice, even in the most ordinary conversation, that instances are common of those who, coming unexpectedly and unseen within its influence, have remained as if suddenly fascinated and spell-bound, till the sounds ceased, or fear of discovery forced the listeners away. This charm is known to have wrought powerfully upon Napoleon.—His own admiration was 'The first appearance of the French people sounded to my ear exactly as the voice of Josephine.' On the whole, Josephine, perhaps, might not exactly have pretension to be what is termed a fine woman, but how was that style of fine beauty which she was in the heart a far deeper sentiment than mere admiration."

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

(From an unpublished MS.)

Napoleon drew a circle around him wherever he moved, which none ever entered without being fixed by its fascination. When he returned to the Tuileries after the invasion from Elba, his soldiers evinced their attachment to him in the most enthusiastic manner. A crowd of officers rushed upon him—in an instant he was carried off his legs—his hat fell off, and he was borne upon the shoulders of the eager multitude up the great stair-case into his apartments, where he was welcomed by some ladies of his former court; one of whom, the most beautiful of the party, in a transport of delight, threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

With his officers he usually laid aside the Emperor and indulged himself in every familiarity, such as boxing their ears, and other means of endearment. Holdsome gives two or three pleasant instances of these friendly tokens. On one occasion, a soldier, at a review, shouted *vive l'Empereur!* the whole line being silent, when Napoleon went up to him, and asking him how many campaigns he had served, added, "how happen it you have not been promoted? The soldier answered—"on m'a fait la queue trois fois pour la croix"—"Eh bien"—replied the Emperor, "je te donne la queue"—and giving him a slap in the face, conferred upon him the cross of the legion of honor. At his first interview with General Rapp since his return, he gave him that sort of blow vulgarly called a punch in the stomach, crying, "What, rogue, were you going to kill me?"—alluding to this general's being named by the king to a military division when the Emperor came from Elba.

Napoleon was fond of knowing all the little, scandalous anecdotes relative to his courtiers, and he took a particular pleasure in jeering husbands on the adventures of their wives. The masked ball was his favourite amusement. He never failed to ascertain beforehand the disguise to be assumed by those with whom he wished to be acquainted, and as he knew all the tales of scandal of his court, he took a secret pleasure in teazing the ladies, and alarming their husbands and lovers.

Maria Louisa had always the most unfeigned attachment for her husband. When her marriage with Napoleon was proposed, she was flattered with the idea of captivating the hero of Europe, although he had twice obliged her to fly from Vienna: she had voluntarily consented to the marriage, and not, after the manner of princesses, sacrificed herself to reasons of state and great political interests.

The Emperor was extremely fond of his son, he took him in his arms, kissed him, and carried him to a looking-glass, where he made all kind of grimaces to divert him. The young prince was always much diverted by looking at the people in the garden of the Tuileries, who frequently collected under the windows to get a sight of him. When he saw a person passing by with a petition, he cried, and allowed his attendants no rest until it was brought to him, and he never failed to present to his father, every morning at breakfast all that he had collected on the preceding day. The supposition of the young prince having been occasionally flogged, is entirely erroneous. He was, like his father, restless and impatient. One day when he had thrown himself on the ground crying loudly, and refusing to listen to any thing his governess said, she closed the windows and drew down the blinds. The child, astonished at this, immediately rose, forgot the subject of his vexation, and asked her why she shut the windows? "I did it, lest you should be heard"—said Madam de Montesquieu (the Governess)—"Do you think the people of France would have you for their prince, were they to know that you throw yourself into fits of passion?"—"Do you think any one heard me, the inquired)—I should be very sorry if they did. Pardon me, Madame *Quieu*!"—as he always called her, "I shall never do so again."

In Napoleon's campaign to Germany, Maria Louisa was Regent of France, and Joseph was appointed President of the Council of Regency.

Negotiations for peace were carrying on at Dresden; the preliminaries were even agreed upon and drawn up, when a few imprudent words from Maret (Duke of Bassano) changed Napoleon's determination of signing. "Sire," said Bassano, as he presented the pen which was to insure the tranquility of Europe, "for once it may be said that you do not give peace, but that you receive it." The Emperor at that moment fancied he saw all the glory of his life eclipsed, and he threw down the pen in a fit of anger, declaring that he would sign nothing. The battle of Leipsic took place a few days afterwards, and was followed by the defection of the allies.

The Empress and her son were then in Paris, surrounded by the brave national guard. She was environed by perfidious advisers, who all combined to urge her departure. She resisted for a considerable time: her own family had presented her with a noble example in the person of Maria Theresa. Like her, she wished to take her son in her arms, and pass through the streets of the capital, to animate the zeal of the national guard, and encourage the few troops who still remained there. On the arrival of the allies, the Empress proceeded to Blois with the court. When Napoleon departed for Elba, her advisers dissuaded her from joining her husband. It was finally determined that she should join her father at Rambouillet. She was received with more coolness than she expected by Francis II. who had no fault to reproach her with except a letter, which she wrote him at Napoleon's dictation. A residence was assigned her at Schonbrunn, as a sort of banishment, where she was frequently visited by her sisters, but seldom by the father and the Empress. Maria Louisa would never consent to a divorce from Napoleon, although every art was tried to induce her to submit to that dishonorable act.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Non sum qualis eram.—Horace.

The night fall was gathering deep and dense on the towering hills that skirt the Connecticut, and settling in blue mist along the fertile valleys. The herds and flocks were carelessly ruminating, except here and there an ox, whose master, forgetful of the scripture proverb, "a merciful man will be merciful to his beast," just released from the yoke, was wearily loitering to quench his thirst from the first muddy pool, too much overcome with the heat and labor of the day, to lengthen out his walk to the fresh rippling stream. The flowers had folded up their many-colored leaves, and loaded with dew, had yielded to the soft influence of night. The laborer fatigued with the toils of the day had partaken of the labourer's fare, and stretched his tired limbs upon his bed; even the house dog had ceased his baying at the threshold, and was laid to his repose on the cool grass beneath his master's window. All was still and quiet abroad. At such an hour, an aged mendicant was tottering along the public road that leads from Northampton to Albany. His tattered garments,—his hollow sunken eye, and unshorn grisly beard, could boldly tell the passing traveller that he was no impostor, but that misery and want were indeed all his heritage. Yet he had wandered on till this late hour, and none had given him shelter; and, for very hunger, he was well nigh sinking to the earth. The lights had long been out in every dwelling that he passed, and he was about to stretch his withered limbs, and seek repose beside the wall that bordered the highway. I am fatigued, and must have rest, he murmured, as he turned aside and crossed the ditch that drained the beaten track. I can even slumber on this hillock, and I care not if here I take my last sleep, and thus escape the woes with which I am o'erburdened. I have long enough been a wanderer in the wide world, with no connecting link between me and things of earth. I have journeyed long and wearily to look upon these hills once more, little dreaming that not a being here would recognise me as I passed along; refused food and shelter, and more than all, a thing to frighten childhood from its sports. Ah! well—misfortune, like death, knows no companionship. But it is not long, at most, I shall be a wanderer—and indulging in a vein that ill beseemed his rank, he added,

"Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth the taking."

and he bent his shrivelled form to the earth, and sought a pillow there. But just as he was in the act of composing his limbs for the night's repose, he caught the glimmering of a lamp in the distance before him. With a sudden spring, as with the elasticity of youth, he rose to his feet, exclaiming, "Frederick Smith never yet pillowed his head on the cold ground, and he may not come to this even now, in all his wretchedness." Yonder is a light; and though it seems to issue from the window of a proud mansion, it may shelter hearts of compassion and kindness; yet the beggar soonest finds pity beneath the lowly roof—still, I'll venture on. Something unusual, he thought, as he re-pursued his way, must have lighted the oil in such a dwelling at this late hour: it must either be a period of festivity or mourning; and if the latter, my petition may be heard, for the stricken heart can hold sympathy with misery of whatever cast. In affliction we are doubly affectionate. 'Tis then we are kind; 'tis then we can pity the destitute; 'tis then, more than ever, we are charitable and benevolent: but if the former, I may get a broken bone for my importunity. Still, I am too proud to pass the night unsheltered, while these hills present one light unquenched, or one voice trilling the high tones of gladness, or half smothered in sorrow, that has not refused me shelter;" and he wandered on. The beggar was not mistaken in his conjectures, for the hall of the Weston's was indeed lighted at this unusual hour, for a most mournful occasion. Col. Weston, at the spring session of the General Court at Boston, had taken his seat as a distinguished senator, and truly, a worthier member never held audience there.—But just before the rising of that honorable body, he became debilitated, and was obliged to get leave of absence, and return home. He had proceeded nearly one hundred miles from the metropolis, when he was suddenly taken more unwell, and could proceed no farther. He was laid upon a bed at the first public house, and before information could be conveyed to his family, hastily summoned, his spirit had departed—an individual at a higher court. It matters not to tell how the intelligence of this distressing event was received by a fond and doting wife, who was her husband's pride, and whose pride was her husband, or what a shock this sudden and unexpected bereavement spread through her orphan family. A widowed heart has solitude and sorrow peculiarly its own, to which common affection, even the deepest, is as a tropic moonlight evening to a polar midnight. Let the widow speak it if language do not mock the theme; and the withering of an orphan heart, who but an orphan knows? But the first bitter moments were past, and the grief stricken family were calm. The overwhelming tide of woe had begun its first ebb; but destined, like the tide of ocean, to flow again with equal violence. The widow and her orphans were gathered closely together, (a simple, though striking emblem of the fact that bereavement, by the cords of affection, draws the living nearer to the heart) awaiting the arrival of the remains of one who was the idol of his family. It was a solemn and an awful hour. Moments were ages, in each of which feelings were so pressed and crowded, that the soul could more than measure its earthly pilgrimage of three score years and ten. A bitter moment. They were draining a cup mingled with the blackest gall of earth! Not a leaf from the vines that hung pendant on the cornice tapped upon the window, but the whole group startled, and the shiver and the hush of death simultaneously passed over them. Even the brutes took the solitude and desolation of the family as by instinct, and seemed to feel with them that peculiar friendship that such an event alone produces; for the dog and cat, with an enmity so rancorous that ordinarily they could not meet upon the parlor hearth without a quarrel, were now in quietude and kindness laid together at the threshold, as though it were unseemly to hold a family brawl in a dwelling that death had made solitary. The third watch of the night had commenced; and the silent room, destined to receive the dead, and made more dark and gloomy by its closed shutters and fallen drapery over its casements, was still unoccupied. The widow was now feeling the fading and the vanity of earth, and the necessity of looking to Him for comfort and consolation, and learning His precepts and His promises who "afflicts but to heal." Already the sacred volume was in her hands; still too much o'erburthened with her grief, she could not read aloud, and she passed it over to one of her younger daughters, bidding her to read. How soon when the heart is "smitten of God and afflicted," does it turn to Him for guidance and assistance to support His chastenings. She had turned to the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul to the Hebrews, and had just finished his exhortation, "be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," when a gentle tap was heard at the door. The mother believing the much dreaded era had arrived, with a faltering step hastened to lay her hand upon the latch. The dog, who was usually the family porter, seemed at this moment, exercised with feelings beyond his nature; and instead of barking, as he was wont when any sound at night was heard without the lintel, silently and with gravity withdrew to his kennel. The child who had felt more than childhood's yearnings for her departed parent, and possessing the fortitude and courage of maturer years, in her anxiety to view his lifeless form, had laid aside her bible, and, ere her mother could reach the door had stretched it wide upon its hinges. She suddenly paused—for instead of the familiar faces who were hourly expected to return from their mournful errand, a solitary individual with haggard features,—with tattered garments, and in an imploring attitude stood before her. Childhood and age are equally irreverent to the beggar, and she turned to her mother exclaiming, "it is an old *straggler*, mother, shall I let him in?" The mother advanced and demanded his wishes. "Kind lady," he replied, "I would beg a morsel of food, and shelter for the night. I have wandered till I am weary and faint with hunger; and from the lowest hut to the proudest mansion on these hills, I have been denied both food and shelter, and I was about to make the cold wet earth my couch, when I descried the glimmering of your light, and surely I thought hospitality should run the midnight lamp, and thus I ventured a suppliant at your door—and will ye let me in?" The confusion of her feelings at the moment prevented her instant reply, and the beggar's heart cringed beneath her silence, as the sensitive plant at the touch of mortality. He sickened as he added, "ye need not fear aught of Frederic Smith. I would not harm ye for the world; an' it be the master of your house is absent, and ye fear the entrance of a form so uncouth and terrible as mine; but give me a morsel of bread, and I will even take shelter in your barn, and offer ye the gratitude of a beggar's heart for such a privilege. Lady, I am not what I seem. I have slept in halls prouder than your own—have partaken of costlier fare than ye could bestow—have shared indeed bountifully of the luxuries of life. But I need not tell you through what a long and devious path misfortune followed me, or trace the many confused incidents that led me from that hour of prosperity to this my present state of poverty—of beggary. I need not tell the bereavements and the many woes with which my spirit has been burdened to recommend me to your compassion and gain entrance here. Believe me, I am unfortunate—a suffering, but an *honest* man; and if ye will give me food and shelter for the night, kind heaven will reward ye—at least let me lodge in your barn if your house be too proud for such a stricken lowly one." Whether it was that affliction had softened a heart ordinarily susceptible of the most hospitable feelings, or whether the injunction with which the sacred volume had just now been closed, was exerting at this moment an influence unfelt before is left untold; but with a countenance in which pity and grief were strangely blended, she at length replied, "Old man, come in—come in.—These doors were never closed to the accents of want, and at this hour, when we are withering within, beneath the chastenings of the Omnipotent, I could not bid a suffering child of His to stand without. Come in—you are welcome to my board—the master of the house indeed is gone"—and here her voice failed for utterance. The old man had felt too much of sorrow himself to mistake its aspect in others, or rudely to intrude upon its sacredness, and he bent his head forward and silently passed the threshold. A seat was offered him, and with still closed lips, he accepted it; and as he turned his eyes upon the agonising group, he saw the tears trickling down the cheeks of his hostess, and though he longed to learn the cause, yet he would have deemed it sacrilege to have broken in upon her sorrow by a single word. The table was immediately spread with food as delicate as would have been offered to a nobler guest, and he drew toward it, and feasted on fare, such as had not moistened his palate for many a year. When he had finished his meal he rose, and "thanks to a bountiful Providence for such hospitality and kindness," involuntarily burst from his lips, and he turned away o'erwhelmed with gratitude. It was evident from this appearance that he had not always been a night wanderer and a beggar, but had seen better days; and he may have been of proud lineage, and without a crime reduced to this state of poverty, thought Mrs. Weston, as she sat viewing his features, for misfortune will sometimes bow the noblest head, and shrivel the purest heart, and she rose and ordered a domestic to prepare a bed for the stranger in a decent apartment. At this moment the sound of hoofs was at the door, and the steady solemn step of the bearers of her dead husband was heard without. The next instant the door was opened, and four men, bearing a coffin enclosed in a rough wooden box, entered with slow and measured tread. The widow, overcome with the violence of her feelings, fainted, and fell lifeless on the floor, and none of the present inmates of the house, but the aged beggar, to whom the mystery of their visible grief was at once revealed, were sufficiently composed to offer her assistance. He raised her in his feeble arms, and snatching a cup of water from the table, he dashed it in her face, and she was soon restored to consciousness. The dead body was now laid in its place, and the whole family had surrounded it, and were gazing upon it in immoderate wailings. The beggar, withdrawing himself to a corner of the room that the family had left, that he might not seem an intruder upon a scene so hallowed, stood gazing through the half opened door, as one whose feelings were interested, and who could deeply sympathise in sorrow. At length his eye fell on the portrait of a female, that hung against the wall of the room in which they were assembled, and on which the lamp now brightly shone. He looked a moment in a breathlessness of soul—the shadows of his youth rolled backward o'er him, taking every shade and hue of thought. The affection and the enthusiasm of his early years poured in upon his spirit, with all their vigor, and he gathered up his strength, and seemed wrestling with unlanguaged agony. His grief was now fathomless as theirs, yet not a sound escaped his lips. Ere long the afflicted family became in a measure composed, and they returned to the parlor. Here they were struck with surprise and horror at the appearance of their guest. But soon his feelings found utterance, and he exclaimed, "that portrait—can it be—lady, will you bring me that portrait—it is—it must be!"—and the portrait was instantly before him, with its dark mild eyes gazing earnestly upon him, as did the original in its hour of life, "ah! yes," he faltered, "it is my Anna—my wife, and these her bridal robes!" and for an instant life seemed with *him* extinct. Again he started wildly, and overmastering his agony, he said, "lady, you must pardon me—with you this is not the hour for labored history, I know, but do answer me, did ye know the original of this likeness?" "Stranger," she replied, "it is an hour of grief indeed, but even in this, I would gladly assuage sorrow like thine own, and to give the desired information, will require but a brief space. That portrait is of one unknown to me. It was purchased in the city at a public auction, by him whose remains are now deposited in that silent apartment," and at the allusion to a deed of her husband's life, her grief broke out afresh. Again composing herself, she added, "he was led thither by business, and accidentally drawn to an auction room, where the furniture of an unfortunate family, from the pictures that lined the walls, to the kitchen utensils, was passing into the hands of the highest bidder, and struck by its nice resemblance to myself, as he said, he was induced to purchase it. But, old man, if it have power to dry a tear in thine eye, or bring back one ray of departed joy to thy heart, it is thine. With a slight shiver, the convulsion of his feelings passed away, and he sate composedly and intently gazing on the features of his narrator. At length he said, "lady, what was thy maiden name, and hast thou a mother still living? Would ye forget thine own sorrows for a moment, and oblige a beggar in his rags, by a brief history of thyself?" "I tell thee, man," again she replied, "this is not a 'family portrait,' but that of a stranger, nevertheless, if ye would know aught of me, I can tell it. My maiden name was Nancy Smith, though, when a child, they called me Anna. My mother, I cannot tell ye if she be living or not. I was a mere child when I last saw my parents, and at that time I was their only one; and though they were in affluent circumstances still, at the importunity of a distant relative, who was childless and pining for an object on whom to lavish their fortune and their love, I was given to them as their own child. Soon after my parents removed to the city of New York, and from that time I have never heard of them." Who has not observed there was much of truth in the harpings of Avon's bard? Ah! yes, "true grief is proud, and makes its owner stout," and here was it exemplified; for the old man struggled a moment with his feelings, and then with a majesty and strength that lofty souls command, he broke forth, "it is unveiled! Merciful God, and have I come to this—a beggar at the threshold of my own child?" The lady started, astonished at his language, and more than half believed she was entertaining the insane, when, with the same majesty of spirit, he resumed, "lady, I am not mad, but stand before you in full reason, with the light of my youth flashing through my decaying senses; and I tell thee, with the solemnity and the grief that age alone can feel, that that picture is the portrait of thy mother—and in this meagre loathsome form, ye behold the person of thy father! Nay, start not—it is truth! I was born among these hills, and I have wandered hither but to look upon their beauty once more, and die. In all that I have met, not one familiar face till this has met my view," and he snatched up the picture, and pressed it long and enthusiastically to his lips. "I seem to have outlived every thing but the sentiments my bosom cherished here. These are still alive, and, like the Phœnix, rise with fresh vigor as the body they inhabited is passing to dissolution. My errand is done—I feel it is done both here and on earth—" and he sunk back to the floor as one whose breath is failing. A draught of water was immediately presented by one of the audience, and again he raised himself, and added, "I am dying—this is indeed death, and I joy to meet him; but I would one word more before I leave ye,—and fixing his glazing eye on Mrs. Weston, he said, "Anna, (let me address thee by the name thy mother gave thee, for it was thy foster parent who altered it) Anna, take that portrait, and preserve it sacred as ye would the familiar things of him who lies still in yonder gloomy apartment. It was taken by Stuart, on thy mother's bridal week, and a more striking likeness his canvas never reflected. We gave it into the possession of a friend at Boston, a short time previous to our removal to New York, and from that time both it and thou passed from our knowledge. I would fain linger a moment longer to tell thee our remaining history, but I feel I cannot"—and he gasped for breath. "Thy mother's grave ye may find in Philadelphia in ——— church yard, marked by a white unlettered stone, where I buried her as I journeyed from New York to Baltimore. From that hour a series of misfortunes followed me up; and as I was a stranger, sometimes wrong and injury was added to misfortune, until I was reduced to a state of want, and finally to beggary. Thou wert our only child, and I now had but one prevailing wish—that of seeing thy face once more, but I did not expect it, for thou wert given to those whose residence, at that time, was far distant from this place. But here stood the home of my childhood, and though worn with bodily and mental suffering, I summoned my strength to journey hither, and lay my bones with the ashes of my fathers. But an hour like this, so crowded with events, and overshadowed with woe and bliss, was beyond the ken of mortals. For this undoubtedly have I lingered when disease was preying at my heart, and death had well nigh claimed his own—but I can stay no longer—daughter farewell—I am blest—" and he closed his eyes, and seemed murmuring a prayer as his spirit departed. The whole family stood in amazement; for the scene had passed before them as the shadows of a dream, or the work of a magician. A long and deadly silence ensued. Not one dared to speak to the other concerning the strange event. The traveller was finally laid beside his dead host, the portrait hung again in its place over their lifeless forms, and the night passed by the afflicted family to long and dreary watchings. The morrow came, and its night succeeded—and the mighty man and the beggar were literally occupying the same grave.

To those who are unacquainted with diseases of the heart, and have observed their sudden and unexpected termination, and have felt the nice connection there is between the physical and intellectual powers of man, or in other words, the effect that intense feeling has often on the organs of the body, to such, I say, the beggar's sudden death, and just at the hour when Romance would have wished his exit, will be no marvel, or his story a mere "*compositum mirmeth causes*," but had it not been for the accident of the portrait, he would have passed on, classed with the ragged throng that daily tread our paths, whose poverty is their crime, and perished like them, unknown and unwept, and his history unrevealed and unrecorded.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Occasioned by the recent death of two infantile sisters, within a few weeks of each other, aged about five and seven years.

And is it true—can it be so?—
These beauteous forms of clay,
One transient, short-lived span ago,
Were happy, blithe, and gay?

Too true, indeed—and yet their doom
Is one, methinks, of countless gain,
E'en, though their passage to the tomb
Was suffering, grief, and pain.

Life's snares for them will ne'er be spread—
Their hearts are free from guile,
And sainted spirits o'er their heads
Their blessings pour, and sweetly smile.

Then cease, fond parents—cease to mourn,
Tho' nature claim affection's tear;
For happier far, by angels borne,
Your darlings rest in yonder sphere.

May 11th, 1832. E.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the biographical sketch of Mr. Wirt prefixed to Harper's Edition of the 'Letters of the British Spy,' is related the following case of circumstantial evidence:—

"Just after his [Mr. Wirt's] resigning the chancellorship, he was employed, together with Mr. Tazewell and Mr. Semple, afterwards Judge Semple, in the defence of a man apprehended and tried on some points of circumstantial evidence so curious that we are tempted to relate them. A person named St. George, who resided near Williamsburg, was shot dead one night through the window of his own house. No trace appeared of the assassin, nor any circumstance that could indicate his enemy; only some duck-shot appeared in the wall near the ceiling. While the crowd called out by the scene stood confounded around the dead body, a bystander, who had been employed by the late Chancellor, a person remarkable to some degree of oddity for his habits of close and curious investigation, went out of the house, and placing himself in the line of direction that the shot must have taken to the spot where they lodged, endeavored to ascertain from that circumstance the exact position of the person who discharged the gun. While thus occupied, his eye was caught by a very small piece of paper on the ground betwixt himself and the window, which appeared, on taking it up to have been part of the wadding, and had on it what seemed to be two of the three composing the letter *m*. One of the crowd, Stokes, exclaimed at this moment, "I wonder where Shannon is; has any one seen Shannon?" Shannon was the son-in-law of the deceased, and resided on the opposite shore of the James river; and it was soon ascertained that he had been seen in Williamsburg that day, with a gun on his shoulder. The gun, however, had no lock upon it, and a black smith to whom he had gone to have it repaired, stated that Shannon had left his workshop with it in this condition. The man was pursued, nevertheless, over the river, and to his own house, to which he was found not to have returned; and was traced at length to a tavern, some thirty miles off, and caught in bed with all his clothes on, sound asleep. He was seized as he lay, and on being searched some duck-shot was found about him, and a letter with part of it torn off. When this letter was afterward compared with the fragment of the wadding, the two were found to fit, and the letter *m*, before mentioned, to form part of the word *my* in the letter. On these circumstances, strengthened by the fact that the death of his father-in-law would have put Shannon in possession of his wife's fortune, he was bro't to trial. A single juryman "stood out" as the phrase is, for ten days, and the defendant was discharged in consequence of this disagreement among his triers. No other circumstances ever threw light on this transaction."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

FLY AWAY PRETTY DOVE.

Fly away pretty Dove,
To the lower of my love,
And whisper, Oh! whisper the soft tender tale,
The breeze of spring,
Scarce shall ruffle thy wing,
While love speeds thee onward defying the gale.

Then fly to that bower,
Where the jessamine flower,
Entwines round the latt ce its pure tender stem,
Where the Eglantine weaves,
With its sweet lightly leaves,
A wreath, which the earliest dew drops began.

When Summer's first rose,
All its beauties discloses,
And scents with its perfume the bower of my love;
Where the honied Bees rove,
To that sweet scented grove,
And sip mid the roses, my own pretty Dove.

Fly away pretty Dove,
To the bower of my love,
And drop at her feet the fond tidings you bear,
Oh! haste on the wing,
Thou sweet trembling thing
And seek mid the roses, my Lady-love fair.

C. H. W.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

PARODY.

Oh! ever from that hapless hour
When Martha ceased to smile on me,
I've sadly turned from ev'ry flower,
And left its culture to the bee.

I never lov'd a charming maid,
Nor felt the thrill of beauty's sigh,
But disappointment cast a shade
O'er hopes that lit glisten'd but to die.

SYBRANDT.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Effects of Sensibility.—Hugh Evans, who described himself as a horse dealer, which is synonimous with stealer, was charged as having stolen a mare belonging to Joseph Shewell. The prosecutor said he employed the prisoner, of whom he had a slight knowledge, to take his mare to Barnet fair, and dispose of her. The prisoner punctually followed his directions, with the *small* occasion of accounting for the money. Witness was unable to find the prisoner till Friday, when he accidentally saw him in the horse-market, Smithfield, looking out for another opportunity of exercising his professional talents. The Magistrate having called on Evans for his defence—"Please you, my Lord," said he, "I rode the gentleman's mare to Barnet, and I shopped her for a poney, and ten bob to boot. When I was coming home, I disk'ered the poney had got a broken back, which had such an effect on my mind that I was ashamed to look the gentleman in the face, and consequently I kept away from him."—Sir Claudius said he was no judge of such acute sensibilities as the prisoner appeared to possess; therefore, he should order him to be taken to Hatton-Garden, and he had no doubt a jury would be called upon to decide the question.

The Squares of London.—The few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1750 were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than any thing else. Grosvenor-square in particular, fenced round with a rude wooden railing, which was interrupted by hamsh brick piers at intervals of every half-dozen yards, partook more of the character of a pond than a parterre; and as for Hanover-square, it had very much the air of a stary cow-yard, where blackguards were to be seen assembled daily, playing at hustle-cap up to their ancles in mire. Cavendish-square was then, for the first time, dignified with a statue in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a charger *a la antique*, rich gilt and burnished, and Red Lion-square, elegantly so called from the sign of an alehouse at the corner, presented the anomalous appendage of two ill-constructed watch-houses at each end, with an ungainly naked obelisk in the centre, which by-the bye, was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's resting-place. St. James's Park abounded in apple-trees, which Pepys mentions having had under contribution by stealth, while Charles and his Queen were walking within sight of him. In 1744, there were 429 houses and 21 stable yards on the whole of the great property called Whitecoat-ing Mead—comprising New Bond street, Conduit street, Brook street, Woodstock street, Silver street, George street, Radley street, South Audley street, Purchase-row, and Lancaster court. In the days of Queen Bess there were gardens on each side of the Strand; while the Haymarket had a hedge on one side, and a ragged thicket of underwood on the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

London Milk.—It appears that the Londoners consume a great quantity of milk: no less than 15,937,500 gallons are used annually in the metropolis and its suburbs. It appears that the entire number of cows kept by the London cow-keepers amounts to 8500, viz.—7250 in Middlesex; 431 in Kent, and 619 in Surrey. Each cow on the average yields nine quarts per diem, or 2385 quarts per annum; but deducting 285 quarts for suckling, casualties, &c., gives us a total of 6,373,500 gallons of pure milk, to supply the consumption of London and its vicinities. The retail vender adulterates it with water—at least 150 per cent—which gives the startling total of 15,937,500 gallons per annum. Each dairy room is furnished with a pump, to which the retail dealer supply in rotation, and pump away "*ad libitum*." A considerable two-penny-ha'penny Surrey has a pump of this kind, which goes by the name of the Bl-ck Cow, from its being painted that colour, and is said to yield more than all the rest of his dairy stock put together. The price at which milk is sold to the retail vender (who agrees with the cow-keeper for the produce of a certain number of cows, and taking upon himself the labour of milking them), varies from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. for eight quarts; which, taking it at the medium of 1s. 8d., gives a total of 878,906l. 5s. for the wholesale price, and produces an annual expenditure, after the addition of the *Black Cow with a wooden leg*, of 607,265l. 12s. 6d.—a tolerable long *milestone*. Generally speaking, the cows used for the London Milk market are of a large size, with short horns, and are distinguished by the name of Holderness cattle, from a district so called in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The population of London, including babes of every growth, amounts in round numbers, to 1,500,000; so that each person, on the average, consumes annually ten gallons, three quarts, and nearly two pints of milk.

Frauds.—We do not wonder that there should occasionally be attempts to forge franks, while Members, for the sake of affectation or fashion, habitually scrawl illegible hieroglyphics. The writing now of every M. P., excepting a few who scorn the absurdity, is utterly devoid of any individuality of character. We have seen instances of letters, with the date and address at the top, and *Free* rather legibly, and *If you please* very illegibly, written on the cover, which have paid no postage; *if you please* having been so passed by the Post Office clerk to be the signature of the Member. The Parliamentary encumbery which imbecil the fraud deserves reprehension and correction. We remember a rather amusing illustration of this absurdity which occurred to the late Lord Walsingham. The Princess Augusta having asked him for a frank, he wrote one for her in such detestable characters, that at the end of a week, after having wandered half over England, it was opened, and returned to her as illegible. The Princess complained to Lord Walsingham, and he then wrote the frank for her so legibly, that, at the end of a couple of days, it was returned to her, marked "Forgery."—*Town.*

Sudden Death.—On Saturday week, Mr. Thomas Fison, brewer, of Bury, was gauging a vat of vinegar when he slipped in and was drowned. He has left a wife and nine children.

Extraordinary example of Colossal Size: a Man nine feet ten inches in height.—A family of silk weavers, living in the quarter

From the Ladies' Cabinet.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

The spring fashions this year are later than usual; nevertheless it is not the fault of our manufacturers—they have brought forward as abundant choice of new and elegant materials some of which are already fashionable, and others, we have no doubt, will become so in the course of the month.

Some plain gingham, of a very fine kind, have just been made up for morning dresses; they are open in front, but drop a good deal to the left side: the corsage high behind, and fitting close to the shape, is made something in the habit style, only that the collar is *rolling*, and the lapel broader. We should observe, also, that the left side of the corsage, as well as of the skirt, wraps considerably across the right. The sleeves of these dresses are of a new kind: they are not so wide at the upper part as those recently worn, and descend in a moderate width to the wrist, which is finished by a deep tight cuff, that, turning back, confines the sleeves close to the arm, nearly half way to the elbow.

Moire is still the most fashionable material for bonnets, but some fancy ones have already appeared: one of these that begins to be very much worn, is a kind of glazed muslin, extremely light and of various shades. Domestic coalitions to be made of the corsage shape; they are more trimmed than last month. Feathers are now as much worn as flowers, but before the end of the month, the latter will be most in request. Two, or, at most three, very short ostrich feathers are employed for the bouquet, which is placed perpendicularly in front of the crown; if flowers are employed, they are placed on one side.

From the World of Fashion.

EVENING DRESS.—It is composed of rose-colored moire, corsage a revers, made very low round the bust: the revers is cut round the edge in deeper vandykes than a new form. Long sleeves of white gaze de soie. Head dress of rose-colored crape, arranged in the turban style in front, but open behind to display the hair, ornamented with a gold comb. The plumage of a bird of paradise is placed on the left side, and a light pearl ornament in the centre. Jewelry—gold and rubies.

MORNING DRESS.—It is composed of violette de Parme gros de Naples. The corsage made quite high, is draped on the bosom, and terminated by a double lapel of the same material which traverses the front of the skirt, and goes round the border in the tunic style. The hat is of moire, to correspond, lined with gold-colored moire, and trimmed with gauze ribands.

RIDING DRESS.—A dark cinnamon-colored cloth habit.—The corsage is very little open upon the bust, and slightly pointed in front. Small double beaver hat, ornamented with a white ostrich feather. Habit shirt frilled round the collar, and gold colored gros de Naples cravat.

Evening Post.

For This paper circulates extensively in all parts of the United States. Upwards of 12,000 copies are printed every week, and the subscription list is constantly and rapidly increasing.

ATKINSON'S CASKET FOR JUNE.

The June number of this work is now ready for delivery, and will be forwarded to its subscribers early in the ensuing week. To say its contents are not inferior in value and interest, to the number in previous numbers is, perhaps, as high praise as it may be prudent in us to bestow upon it. This, however, with those acquainted with the work, will be regarded as an eulogium of a high character.

The subject of the steel engraving is Lady Jane Grey, a female universally regarded as a legitimate object of sympathy. It is well executed. Accompanying it is a short biography of this innocent and beautiful woman, connected with a picture of political religion, in the sixteenth century. It is from the pen of a gentleman of acknowledged literary talent—the author of several popular works—whom we are proud to number among our regular correspondents. One of the wood engravings is a representation of the Temple of Peace, a singular edifice of antiquity, erected in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and dedicated to the Goddess of Peace, on the successful termination of the Jewish war. Two plates of Natural History are also given—one of the Zebra, the most beautiful animal in nature, with an accurate description, and the other of the Jaguar, or American Tiger. The subject from the School of Flora, is the Oxalis Acetosella, or Mountain Sorrel, a valuable botanical herb. Music, a ballad, by Horn, called "Weep not for thy Roses," arranged for the Piano Forte.

The reading matter, in addition to that descriptive of the engravings, is diversified and calculated to please every taste. "Julia Bertrand," by the Milford Bard—especially deserving of notice—is written in the characteristic style of the author—chaste, moral, dignified and deeply interesting. Several original reviews, distinguished by candor and ability, add much to the value of the number. The selections are from the best sources, and combine many articles of value.

Of the Casket we have heretofore said less, we believe, than its merits deserved, in consequence of the relation in which the publisher of this paper stands towards it. High wrought eulogium from us, has not, however, been necessary, to extend its circulation, as editors in all parts of the United States have given it unequivocal praise, which, added to the influence of its patrons, has increased its subscription list to a very large number.

Upon another point—that of its cheapness—we feel more at liberty to say a word or two. Each number of the work, it will be remembered, contains 48 pages of closely printed letter press, making, at the end of the year, a volume of nearly six hundred pages, which is furnished for two dollars and fifty cents. Now, no one acquainted with the value of books will say that a work of this size, without a single engraving, is dear at $2,50; on the contrary, all must acknowledge it to be unusually cheap, compared with the usual book prices. But this—we allude to the reading matter—is actually the least expensive part of the work. The engraving of the plates, the printing and colouring, actually cost more than the whole expense of printing the book, not even including the paper, or the binding! Here, then, as a work furnished for $2,50, which, by a close arithmetical calculation, can be shown to be worth more than double the money.

We have always prided ourselves upon furnishing superior engravings in the Casket. Let them be compared with others, to test whether this opinion is correct; we challenge criticism. The number published in a volume, is far greater than can be found in any other American periodical, even though the price of subscription be considerably higher, and many of them are colored in the handsomest style. Taking, therefore, all these matters into view, we dare safely assert that the Casket is the cheapest literary publication, published in the United States.

The Press in all parts of the United States, has bestowed upon the CASKET the highest commendation. The language of praise seems to have been almost exhausted, as the superiority of succeeding numbers have excited the eulogiums of the editorial fraternity. As a sample of the manner in which the May number has been received, we subjoin a few extracts from different American papers:—

"The May number of *Atkinson's Casket* has been received. We consider it one of the cheapest publications the world affords, and would recommend it to the lovers of polite literature."—[Millbury (Mass.) Patriot.]

"It will not lose in comparison with any preceding number."—[Newtown (N. Y.) Republican.]

"It is a work much admired by the reading community; its pages are filled with amusing and useful articles, accompanied with beautiful embellishments."—[Ulster (N. Y.) Plebeian.]

"It is a neat and interesting periodical."—[Independent Citizen, Belfast, Me.]

We have had frequent occasion to speak of the merits of this valuable work, and we have done so without exaggeration. We infer that the publisher spares neither pains nor expense in making his publication worthy of patronage."—[Village Courier, Southbridge, Mass.]

Speaking of the work generally—

"This entertaining periodical is well conducted, and contains a great variety of matter, original and selected."—[Lancaster, Pa. Intelligencer.]

"We consider the Casket a work of much merit."—[Wellsborough, Pa. Phenix.]

"The copperplate engravings alone, are worth the price of subscription."—[Black River Gazette, New York.]

"It recommends itself without any puffing at our hands."—[Brockport (N. Y.) Free Press.]

"The industry and taste of the publisher merits encouragement from an enlightened public."—[Oxford, (N.C.) Examiner.]

"The work is deserving of extensive patronage."—[Jefferson Democrat, Steubenville, Ohio.]

"It is not excelled by any literary publication in our country."—[Green Mountain Eagle, Castleton, Va.]

"This work owes no part of its popularity to undeserved puffing. The publisher is not so ring of promises, and gives us more useful and interesting matter, in each succeeding number than we should have reason to expect from his prospectus. It is one of the cheapest and best publications with which we are acquainted."—[People's Palladium, Tolland, Conn.]

"We have no hesitation in recommending this work to the patronage of the public."—[Chambersburg, (Pa.) Gazette.]

"This valuable and excellently executed miscellany, instead of re-cooring in interest, is constantly becoming more interesting."—[Western (Pa.) Sun.]

"The work deserves well of the reading public; the editor happily mingles instruction with delight."—[Vermont Intelligencer.]

"This deservedly popular work increases in interest every number."—[Republican Free Press, Conn.]

"An agreeable work, embellished with the finest engravings we have ever seen."—[Statesman, Jackson, Tenn.]

"The embellishments are highly creditable to the liberality of the publisher, who spares neither labour nor expence in rendering the Casket worthy of its extensive patronage."—[Hunterdon, (N. J.) Gazette.]

"The Casket is one of the cheapest periodicals in the United States, and merits the extensive patronage it receives."—[Tennessee Beacon.]

"It is undoubtedly the cheapest and best publication of the kind in the Union."—[Richmond (Ind.) Palladium.]

"Worthy of the patronage of every intelligent female."—[Cockeysville (Md.) Intelligencer.]

"We can safely recommend it as one of the cheapest, neatest, and most entertaining publications of the day."—[Voice of the People, Warren, Pa.]

Recommendations of this character we have in abundance, but we allow the above to suffice, first however, apologising for occupying so much room as we have bestowed upon the subject.

We are gratified to perceive, in many of the country papers calls upon the farmers and workingmen, to hold conventions to take into consideration the measures respecting the tariff, which now threaten them with destruction.

On Thursday evening three men, belonging to the canal boat "Sunbury Volunteer," having arrived late at Manayunk, kindled a fire of anthracite coal in an open earthen furnace, placed it on the floor of the cabin, fastened the door, and went to sleep. As the men did not make their appearance in the morning, a tavern-keeper in the neighborhood went to the boat to wake them, on descending into the cabin he found them DEAD! Their mouths were frothy, and blood had settled on the side on which they were lying. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by suffocation from coal gas.

The following anecdote is in circulation, and said to be authentic:—An individual of fortune being awoke two nights ago by a severe cholic, fancied himself attacked by the Cholera, and sent off immediately for physicians, despatching his servant in the mean time to rub him with a flesh brush. When the medical gentlemen arrived they found their patient of most terrific appearance, having turned quite black from head to foot, but on closer examination, they found that the color was not that of the skin, as it came off on being touched, and at length it was discovered that the poor servant in his fright had laid hold of the blacking brush, and thus tarnished the body of his suffering master, who, after the administration of some usual remedies and the application of a warm bath, soon recovered his health and fair complexion.

The following is the Apportionment of Representatives among the several states, under the act of Congress recently passed:—

Maine,	8	North Carolina,	13
New Hampshire,	5	South Carolina,	9
Massachusetts,	12	Georgia,	9
Rhode Island,	2	Kentucky,	13
Connecticut,	6	Tennessee,	13
Vermont,	5	Ohio,	19
New York,	40	Indiana,	7
New Jersey,	6	Mississippi,	2
Pennsylvania,	26	Alabama,	5
Delaware,	1	Illinois,	3
Maryland,	8	Louisiana,	3
Virginia,	21	Missouri,	2

The locomotive engine Robert Fulton, does all the work of transporting passengers on the Albany and Schenectady rail road. On Monday, ten cars with 150 passengers were conveyed between the two towns in sixty-five minutes. The weight of the train was about 20 tons. The engine returned with six cars, in less than an hour. The Albany Advertiser remarks that "the road is indeed invaluable to the community." The distance between the two places by way of the Erie Canal is 28 miles, and as the boats have to pass through 28 locks, they generally consume a day in performing the trip.

A New Orleans paper advises Mrs. Blond, who was lately sentenced to distance sale for six months, and to a fine of five hundred dollars, for exhibiting and playing at Faro, in the Abbeville district of South Carolina, to hie away to the emporium of the West, as soon as she has escaped from limbo. She is assured that "New Orleans is the paradise of gamblers"—that there are no catch-poles or courts to interrupt her vocation—nay, that there are legislative enactments "to encourage every species of gambling, for the benefit of unguarded youth and the morals of the rising generation!!!"

The following is, in part, the disposition of the estate of the Hon. Israel Thorndike, merchant, lately deceased in Boston.

To his three sons, residuary legatees, each about
$500,000 ..... $1,500,000
His fourth son, Andrew 80,000
His widow, in real estate and money, including the annuity, about 360,000
His daughters, Mrs. Loring, about 200,000
And Mrs. Francis 80,000
Widow Thorndike, in Ohio 8,000
Mrs. How, 2,000; Mrs. Wells, 2,000 4,000
His Coachman 1,000
$1,831,000

Besides to several nieces, in Jeffry, N. Y., $1,200 each, and several smaller legacies.

Miss Eliza Ann Pennock, aged sixteen years, of Rutland, Vermont, was drowned, on attempting to cross Otter Creek, on the 12th ult. In attempting to cross the Creek, a few rods above Smithland's falls, in a small boat, the bridge was carried off by the flood, she had got into the boat, and one end of it being on the shore, the gentleman accompanying her pushed the boat off previous to getting in, by which means he lost his hold, and the young lady was left alone in a rapid current, swiftly gliding over the falls—just as the boat made its final plunge, she sprang out into the water and was drowned.

A Temperance Hotel has been opened at No. 17 Church Alley, especially for the accommodation of those who eschew the poisonous drugs vended under the name of brandy, gin, &c. It is fitted up in first style, and visitors can obtain refreshments of many approved kinds at a very short notice. The proprietor has Philadelphia and Poughkeepsie ale, cider, mead, Burton's beverage, Mineral water, &c. always at hand.

WILKESBARRE, Pa. May 23.—We learn that the bones of those martyrs who fell in the bloody massacre of Wyoming, so long sought for, without success, have at length been found. They lie upon the farm of Mr. Gray, near to New Troy, not far distant, we apprehend, from the spot where they met their direful fate. No doubt a suitable monument will now be raised to mark the spot where repose the patriot dead, who so nobly fought in defence of the land which we now peacefully occupy.

THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.—The attempt now in progress to destroy the Protective System, and reduce our farmers and mechanics to poverty and ruin, ought to awaken those classes of citizens to a sense of their danger and prompt them to immediate and vigorous action in support of their moral and constitutional rights. Let Mr. Meland's tariff be adopted, and half the mechanics in the Union, in twelve months, would be beggars.

The Masonic Hall at Eastport, Me. was injured by fire a few days since, and would have been destroyed but for the ample means of attack and defence possessed by the citizens, with a population of about 2500; they have three good engines, and a plenty of hose. No village, of any considerable number of houses, should be destitute of similar preparations.

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY.—Two boys, the elder probably about fourteen years old, were brought up this morning by watchman Harrison, who had found them sleeping in a lime box. They were without hats or shoes, and very ragged. The large one stated to the Mayor, that he lived in Manayunk, but was obliged to absent himself from home, on account of the cruelty of a step father, who, while he was in the house, was constantly threatening the peace of his mother. He took a trip, last week, up to the coal region, but failing to find permanent employment, had sought it in the city, where he had also been unsuccessful. They were both sent, for the present, to the House of Refuge.

Five men were arraigned as prisoners, charged with having, on the night previous, entirely destroyed a frame building, situated in Market street, near the corner of Third from Schuylkill, the property of Mr. Samuel Johson, hatter. The principal defendant, Charles Smith, appeared with Mr. M'Call, as counsel; Mr. R. Peters, on behalf of Mr. Johson.

It appeared in evidence that the building had recently been purchased by Mr. Johson, who had placed in it one or two tenants. The right to purchase, or the purchase itself, or some matter connected with the sale, was disputed by Smith and others, who, on several occasions, manifested a pugnacious disposition towards both the building and the new owner. In consequence, Mr. Johson deemed it prudent to place a guard on the premises. This guard, on Friday night, was assaulted by the prisoners, and ordered, with the tenants, to leave the place. Not being obeyed, they again assembled with three axes to destroy the building, and succeeded in levelling it to the ground, before they were arrested by the watch.

The prisoners were bound over in heavy bail, to appear at court, to answer a charge of riot.

A most unworthy disciple of Academus, attached to the Platonic school, was this morning presented to his house, as guilty of a breach of the peace. Of a truth, a more distressed looking object never was carried over the threshold of the Police Office. His face was wan and haggard, and covered with a beard of four weeks growth; his toilette was sadly deranged. It would be incorrect to say he had a coat; some rags, begrimed with dirt, covered his shoulders and arms as far as the elbow, and his body rather lower. His pantaloons were of like character, and extended only as low as the knee—the remainder being left exposed. The prisoner gave his name—William Norwood; he had been found by the watch dead drunk in the street.

His appearance was so full and explicit an index of his character, that it was deemed scarcely necessary to ask other questions than those which would elicit answers directly relating to his situation, and the causes which led to his poverty and distress; and a commitment was immediately ordered to be made out, consigning William to durance vile, for the space of thirty days. He was not, however, satisfied to go, until he had delivered himself of a portion of his history; so lurching up his inexpressibles, and waving majestically his naked right arm, as if to command silence, he proceeded to give a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of the Platonic school, from its origin, down to the present day, introducing, not unfrequently, his own opinions as to the correctness of the system, which, it could plainly be discovered, were strongly impregnated with the scepticism of the ancient philosophers. This done, he referred, with much humility, to the part he had himself taken in the great cause of education, spoke with exultation of the pleasure he derived from learning, and instanced the number of times that he had wandered

"Midst academic groves to search for truth."

Finally, he spoke of his external appearance, which he confessed to be a ragged point for debate, and scarcely tangible. These matters, he hoped, however, would not operate to his prejudice, as the force of circumstances, mainly to be ascribed to the apathy of the people of Pennsylvania, in the cause of education, had placed a decent suit of apparel entirely beyond his reach, for a year or more past.

His rhapsody availed but little; and William was borne off to solitary confinement, to have leisure for ascertaining by sober reflection, the important fact, that the most brilliant talents, may be rendered worse than useless to the possessor, by a continued course of drunkenness and debauchery.

MONDAY.—A few unimportant cases, were all that claimed the attention of the Mayor this morning. John Wiley, found lying drunk in a carpenter's shop, and Felix Evans, a vagrant black fellow, were committed to prison. John Dobson, Geo. Murphy, and Peter M'Coulie, were fined for having been intoxicated, and discharged.

George Anderson, a black boy, was detected last night, in exacting a fraise in an oyster cellar in Loxhard street, in the course of which he demolished the old lady's signal at the entrance, threw an oyster shell directly in a dish of pepperpot, and otherwise seriously disturbed the said lady's retular customers.

For these and other offences, he was sent to pick oakum.

CITY COUNCILS.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 31.

Three communications were presented from citizens owning property in Water street, the buildings on which are required to be removed, on account of the proposed regulation for widening the street, and asking indemnification for the injury—referred to the committee on survey.

The executors of the estate of Stephen Girard, notified Councils that they intend to pay the second instalment due on the stock of the Danville Rail-Road Company.

The paving committee reported three ordinances for an alteration in the regulation of several streets in the western part of the city, which were adopted.

Mr. Parry presented a petition for repaving Ferry street, between Thirteenth and Juniper, and

Mr. OLDENBURGH, a petition of citizens, praying for the removal of the drays in Third street near Market.

Mr. SULLIVAN offered a resolution that the executors of the estate of Stephen Girard, be authorized to settle all claims upon the estate, connected with the funeral of Mr. Girard, according to their own discretion.

Upon this resolution an animated debate ensued. It was opposed on the ground that the executors had authority to pay the bills, without asking leave of Councils, and because it was beneath the dignity of Councils to legislate upon so small a matter. The resolution was lost by a nearly unanimous vote—Messrs. Sullivan and Hood, only, voting in the affirmative.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

INDIAN WAR.

The steam boat Herald, Captain Fleshman, in 74 hours from St. Louis, most disorderly quick passage—bring's us a proclamation from the Governor of Illinois to the citizens of that state, from which it appears, that a bloody and successful attack has been made by the Indians upon a detachment of volunteers. We learn by a private letter, that fifty-two of the volunteers were killed: among whom were Colonel Crane, Colonel Thomas, Major Morgan, and Captain Bailey.

At the latest last accounts, Gen. Atkinson, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces, was in a most perilous situation. He had sent out several expresses for supplies, and every man had been cut off. The keel boats, destined with supplies above the Rapids, had not been heard of, and it was supposed that they had been captured and their crews massacred. Intelligence so painful had not been anticipated. For a further knowledge of the condition of our troops, the reader is referred to Governor Reynold's proclamation.

DIXON'S FERRY ON ROCK RIVER.

To the Militia of the State of Illinois.

It becomes my duty again to call upon you for your services in the defence of your country. The State is not only invaded by the hostile Indians, but many of your citizens have been slain in battle. A detachment of the mounted volunteers, commanded by Major Stillman, of about 275 in number, were overpowered by the hostile Indians on Sycamore creek, distance from this place thirty miles, and a considerable number of them killed. This is an act of hostility which cannot be misconstrued.

I am of opinion that the Pottawatamies and Winnebagoes have joined the Sacs and Foxes, and all may be considered as waging war against the United States.

To subdue these Indians, and drive them out of the State, it will require a force of at least two thousand mounted volunteers more, in addition to the troops already in the field.

I have made the necessary requisitions on the proper officers for the above number of mounted men, and have no doubt that citizen soldiers of the State will obey the call of their country. They will meet at Hinepin, on the Illinois river, in companies of fifty men each, on the 10th of June next, to be organized into a brigade.

JOHN REYNOLDS.
May 15. Commander in Chief.

From the Bucks County Republican.

MRS. CHAPMAN.

The Trials of Mrs. Chapman and Mina have created an extraordinary interest throughout the whole country; and much excitement prevails, at this moment, in regard to the issue of the one being so fatally different from the other. The verdict in the case of Mrs. Chapman *may* have been correct; at least Judge Fox, in his charge to the jury, on the trial of Mina, said expressly, that it had met with his approbation. No one, however, *now* believes her innocent; and although we have no wish to increase the excitement which already prevails against her, we nevertheless feel it our duty to lay before the public a fact, which not merely proves almost conclusively that she had the principle agency in the bloody deed, for which Mina is about to expiate with his life; but which also exhibits the character of a hitherto highly respectable physician of Philadelphia in no very enviable light. The circumstance to which we allude is this: Mrs. Chapman called upon a physician in the city a short time previous to the illness of her husband, and desired his advice as to the effect of arsenic. She wished to know the quantity which was administered in cases of sickness, and the smallest quantity which could possibly produce death. She inquired fully and particularly as to the general properties of arsenic; and, as we understand, gave the Physician a fee for the information which she obtained. This physician knew that the person who had thus consulted him was Mrs. Chapman; he knew that her husband had died a short time afterwards, and that she was eventually arrested and brought to this county, charged with having poisoned that husband; he further knew that traces of arsenic had been discovered by the chemists, in the analysis which was made of the stomach, and that the officers of the prosecution were unwearied in their exertions to obtain proof of her guilt, which was so apparent and manifest to all. Still, with a knowledge of all these facts, he *suppressed* and concealed testimony, which he well knew was of the utmost importance to the interests of the Commonwealth, and which has only been discovered since the termination of the trial. If this fact had been known by the gentlemen who conducted the prosecution, previous to her trial, the fate of Mrs. Chapman would have been sealed; and she would have expiated her unnatural crime upon the gallows, instead of being returned to society, to renew, in all probability, her career of guilt and of infamy.

The facts which we have here stated are strictly true, and have been obtained from such a source as may be relied upon. We cannot conceive how any man with correct moral feelings could quietly suffer a criminal, thus steeped in guilt, to escape the punishment of her crime, when it was in his power to have produced a result which would have vindicated the violated laws, and have cleansed the land of the blood that had been shed therein. Such a man cannot be a good citizen. He can have no correct idea of the duties which he owes to his country, or to his fellow man. Nay, he who will suffer a murderer to escape, is an aider and abetter, and may be considered as an accessary after the fact. If we take in connexion with the above circumstance, the declarations of Mina, that Mrs. Chapman paid one hundred dollars to some one in the city for information as to the effect of arsenic, and that these declarations were made by him before this consultation with the physician was known by any one here, we must be satisfied that there is just cause for wonder, and a sufficient reason for exposing conduct so unaccountable and extraordinary. We will probably advert to this matter again, and be more explicit in our remarks, unless some explanation be given by the individual to whom we allude. Our information is derived from an *official* source, and we have felt it due to public opinion that the above statement be made.

INTERESTING MEETING. It was agreed amongst the Pioneers of the West, in 1782, that they, or those of them who survived, should, at the expiration of fifty years, meet at the mouth of the Licking, opposite Cincinnati. The half century will be completed about September or October next, and preparations are making by the venerable men, who are still living to remember their pledge, to ensure its fulfilment. How indescribable must be their sensations, when the excited memory pours into the mind the swelling recollections of the past fifty years of their existence! What was the West in '82? How brief the answer! What is it now? How copies the reply!

When the hardy Pioneers of the West made the agreement which now calls the remnant of their bands together, the population of Ohio was not a thousand souls, now it numbers a million, and Ohio is but a portion of the West. In '82 the birch canoe skimmed swallow-like over the bosom of her mighty rivers, and careered in its exclusive dominion; now, more than four thousand arks and two hundred and twenty steamboats annually descend the Ohio and Mississippi, bearing products of the country, of an aggregate value of twenty millions of dollars.

Beware of counterfeit Five Dollar Notes on the North River Bank, at New York, signed Leonard Kip, President, letter D d. dated October 4th, 1830, A. B. Hays, Cashier; payable to F. Brooks. The counterfeits of this plate, when first put in circulation, had the name of L. instead of Leonard Kip, (as all genuine notes have) as President. The error appears to have been detected by the counterfeiters, and the notes are well executed, the public should be on their guard.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have announced their intention of returning to England. Their last concert was to have taken place, at Quebec, on the 21st ult. These persons had a very narrow escape while sleighing recently, on the Black River. Their horses and sleigh broke through the ice, and it was with difficulty that they were extricated.

The loss of life and the destruction of property arising from the bursting of the boilers of steamboats, about two years since were so great, as to arrest the attention of Congress. A resolution was then adopted directing the Secretary of the Treasury to embody such information as he might be able to collect, respecting the usual causes of these calamities, and the means by which they might be prevented, and lay the same before Congress, as the basis for some legislative enactments for giving greater security to the lives and property of the citizens. The facts and opinions thus obtained, were communicated to the House of Representatives at the present session, and referred to a select committee, who, through their chairman, Mr. Wickliffe, made report on Friday last.

The committee state, that the whole number of explosions which have occurred in the United States, is 52, by which 243 persons have been killed, and 164 wounded. These they attribute to six different causes:

1. The faulty construction of boilers; 2, the use of defective materials, in their manufacture; 3, too long use; 4, a deficient supply of water; 5, carelessness or unskillfulness of the engineers, and 6, an undue pressure of steam. Against the last two of these causes, the committee are of opinion, that Congress can provide no remedy; if within the reach of legislation at all, they must be left to the control of the several states. A better and more effectual remedy, however, they suggest, is to be found in the interest and judgement of masters and owners.

To guard as far as possible against accidents resulting from the first three causes, they propose that competent persons shall be appointed by the President or Secretary of the Treasury, at different points in the United States, to inspect at regular intervals, the steam-boats and boilers, and test the strength of the latter, by hydraulic pressure. The expense of this inspection is to be borne by the United States, and until thus inspected, no steam-vessel is to be registered or licensed. The period proposed by the committee is once in three months; and if the strength of the boilers diminishes as rapidly, as appears from the fact stated by them, that after six or seven years use, a boiler becomes unsafe, this does not seem too often to have them tested.

An old crime committed in a new way!—Night before last, a chap called at the store of Messrs. Sykes and Fink, in Green street, and purchased a few trifling articles for which he paid. He then looked at other articles, and after a pretty deliberate examination, (during which time he went frequently to the door, and cried "whoa" to a horse that might have stood there, but for the circumstance that the fellow had no horse!) he allowed several articles to be cut off and put up. After his goods were neatly compressed in an appropriate wrapper, with the customary segarstem twist at each end, my gentleman took the bundle, and inquired for the bill, whereupon he drew forth a leathern pocket-book which *might* have been lined with bank notes. At this critical moment, whilst the clerk's fingers were itching for the dust, that impatient horse (provided, always, that there had been a horse in the case!) again required the customer's attention, who first looked, and then passed out of the store, taking the goods with him. But as he left his apparently well-filled pocket book before the clerk's eyes on the counter, it was certain that he had merely stepped out to quiet his horse! As, however, the gentleman did not return, after a lapse of some fifteen minutes, it was deemed not impertinent to "pop in" to the leather pocket-book, which was found to contain something less than a quire of rather coarse, but very substantial brown paper.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, May 26.

BLOODY RIOT IN MONTREAL.

The severe election contest which has been in progress in the westward of Montreal for the last few weeks, has already been twice referred to in this paper. On Thursday of last week, Tracy, the ultra liberal candidate, was five votes ahead of his competitor, Mr. Bagg. On Friday Mr. Bagg was one ahead of Tracy. On Saturday, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the poll was adjourned over until Monday, on the application of the friends of Mr. Bagg. Mr. Tracy and his friends were much enraged at this postponement, although it was strictly conformable to the law. On the preceding evening a quarrel upon the subject of the election had ended in an attempt upon the life of one of Tracy's friends, named Curren, who was shot at and wounded from a house of Mr. Cooke. The windows of Cook's house had been previously broken in, and the life of Cooke himself threatened. The wounded man was taken under the care of Tracy's friends, and bulletins issued from the office of Tracy's paper, of the most inflammatory character. When the officers determined to postpone the election on Saturday, according to the Montreal Gazette, the decision "produced from Mr. Tracy such a tirade of abuse and ill temper as has seldom been equalled in the annals of *Billingsgate*. The *mild* and *peaceable* candidate attacked the character of the Returning Officer, reproached him as partial and unjust, and aspersed the partisans of Mr. Bagg, stigmatizing them as a band of murderers. He concluded this passionate appeal to his audience, by threatening violence to every opponent, and encouraged them to obtain by force that which he said was denied to them by the Returning Officer, and the friends of Mr. Bagg." At the time of the adjournment the candidates stood head and head, each having 680 votes.

Towards the close of the day on Saturday, the mob began to show a riotous disposition. On Sunday, Tracy is said to have been engaged in making inflammatory speeches to the rabble in several parts of the city. In consequence of those proceedings, Monday was a day of turbulence and confusion, ending in rioting and blood! A correspondent at Montreal writes us on Tuesday—"You will see by the Canadian Record, that four men were shot yesterday by the troops who were called out to quell the riots at the election. Tracy's inflammatory speeches to mobs in the different suburbs on Sunday, led to the melancholy occurrence. The killed were all Tracyites."

The following is the article from the Record, referred to by our correspondent. It presents a melancholy view of the political condition of Montreal at this moment:—

From the Canadian Record of Tuesday.

MONDAY EVENING, 5 O'CLOCK.

Awful effects resulting from the riotous conduct of the mob—four men shot—several wounded.

With the most painful feelings we have to state that from the riotous conduct manifested by the lower order of the Canadians and Irish partisans on Saturday, the poll was adjourned to this day, when the Magistracy and a large body of the Constables very properly attended. We have been informed that throughout the day evident symptoms of increasing insubordination and desire for riot was manifested, more especially when any of those persons favorable to Mr. Bagg presented themselves. Towards evening the constables were beaten from their posts, and many of them most scandalously ill-treated. It was at length found necessary to order out the military, who promptly attended, under the command of Colonel Macintosh.

The Riot Act was then read. On our arrival at the French Square, we found a large number of persons collected, and every now and then some person or other assaulted and knocked down by the "bullies" in attendence. On the poll closing for the day, another indiscriminate attack was made on the constables—and also, we have been informed, upon Mr. Bagg himself, who, if we are correct, was shamefully misused, as well as several others whom we observed cut and mangled very much. At length the military were called on to disperse the mob, who were seen approaching towards the place where they were held in readiness, shouting and bellowing in the most infuriated manner. On the approach of the military the mob fled down St. James street, the military taking the same direction, headed by their commanding officer, Col. M. About this time the stones again began to fly from the mob in the most dangerous manner, and as that part of the town has been recently Macadamized, the mob had a plentiful supply of stones ready at hand, which, we lament to say, they used with dreadful dexterity. Col. M. and several of the other officers and men were struck, the former very severely. Still, the utmost exertions—the most persuading entreaties were used by both Col. Macintosh, the magistrates, and those in authority, to prevail on the misguided and infatuated mob to disperse, but to no effect. The stones and other missiles continued to be thrown, and several persons were knocked down before our eyes.

At length the fatal word was given,—FIRE!—and in another moment four persons were lying dead in the streets, and several wounded,—one of them a young man not more than 15 or 16 years of age. The mob then fled. The Military took up a position at the head of St. James street, adjoining the Hay Market, under a most drenching rain. On our return through St. James street, we observed the flag ways literally strewed with stones, which had been thrown by the mob at the military, as no row had previously taken place at that quarter. What shall we—or what can we add to the above. Were we to give an opinion of our own, we would be charged, perhaps, as partizans. God knows that we have but little of it in our composition. We dare not give way to our feelings at this moment—but shall probably refer to the subject again. The town, at present, as far as we learn, is quiet, but the greatest alarm is prevalent—and we believe that the entire of the military, including a portion of the Royal Artillery, are under arms—ready to act at a moment's warning.

No blame can possibly attach to the military; never did men act more calmly. With outstretched arms, we observed Col. M. and the magistrates, entreating of the mob to disperse. We would only add our prayer, that this may be the last bloodshed we may witness for many years to come on any similar occasion; but really when men of any persuasion will be blinded, and allow their passions to take possession of their reason—awful as may be the example—such examples are sometimes mercies in disguise. The peace must be preserved—and will be—even at such lamentable cost.

We regret to add, that a poor old man, seemingly a Canadian, in no wise concerned—fell a martyr to the improprieties of others. On the heads of such be the blood of these men.

ONE O'CLOCK ON TUESDAY MORNING.—The troops are still under arms, and the officers riding along the various streets observing any movement that takes place. We cannot but rejoice and be thankful for these precautionary steps, for had they not been attended to, we greatly fear our account this morning would be far more lamentable. The Military have suffered very severely, from the quantity of rain which has fallen the most part of yesterday, and during the night.

Seven o'clock.—One of the persons shot, we are informed, was an apprentice to the printing business, in the employ of Mr. Tracy!

At the close of the Poll on Monday, Tracy had a majority of three.

The WATER WORKS.—The following particulars of the expense of the Philadelphia Water Works, from their commencement in March 1799, we take from an afternoon paper. The cost of the first steam Engine and the support of the same from the above date to the year 1814 was, according to the report of the Councils, upwards of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This was previous to the occupancy of the position at Fair Mount, the steam works at which were started September 7, 1815, at a cost of one hundred and eighty three thousand dollars, and were sustained until the commencement of water power works in 1819, at an expense of one hundred and forty thousand dollars. The first purchase of ground at Fair Mount was made in 1812, at a cost of sixteen thousand and nearly seven hundred dollars. In 1815, the same sum was expended for the second purchase. In 1822, the inlet to the forebay ground, on the margin of the river, was purchased for four thousand dollars. In 1824, extra ground for reservoir, No. 4, cost twelve thousand dollars, and in 1828, the final purchase was made of the residue of the ground between Coates street and the Upper Ferry road and between the Fair Mount Street and Schuylkill, for sixty seven thousand five hundred dollars. Among other items of expense, we noticed the round sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to White and Gillingham, for the water power purchased of them, and twenty five thousand nine hundred dollars of damages paid for ground overflowed by the dam. The entire cost of the works to the city, including the old buildings, &c. out Market Street, has been two millions sixty three thousand and some odd dollars.

LONDON, (U. C.) May 10.

Children lost in the Woods.—On Saturday 28th ultimo, two children, belonging to Mr. Crouse, of Westminster, the one 5 and the other 3 years old, were, in the absence of the parents, allowed to go into the woods in quest of flowers and nuts. When Mrs. Crouse returned home in the afternoon, and enquired for her children, she found the two to which we have adverted missing. The alarm was soon given to the neighbors, and a diligent search immediately made. At night fires were lighted in the woods around the farm, with the hope of guiding the children homewards.—All, however, proved unavailing. On Sunday morning all who heard of the event joined in the pursuit; and on Monday the woods were literally covered with men who, with an alacrity which will ever reflect credit on the surrounding settlements, flocked in from every direction to assist in rescuing the unfortunate infants from impending ruin, and their heart-broken parents from a state of almost hopeless wretchedness. Not a trace however of them was discovered until Tuesday morning, when the youngest was found sitting on a log about four miles from its father's house.—We saw the child a short time after it was found; it appeared in perfect health and exhibited no signs of delirium; on the contrary, it seemed to us, perhaps owing to its sufferings, the most interesting looking child we had ever noticed.

After its mother had pressed it to her bosom, and bathed its face in tears of joy, we handed it a cake, which it commenced to eat, without any apparent avidity, or extreme hunger. Apprehensive that the whole cake might be too much for it, we offered to exchange our watch for it, and had scarcely presented it towards the child, when it eagerly reached for it, and resigned the cake; we then asked him where his brother was—he said he went to get food for him a little while ago; that he slept with him last night, and covered him with leaves. The search, although persevered in with an industry and an energy we believe unparalleled, has, up to the present moment, been unsuccessful. This is the 14th day, and it is evident that the child was alive on Sunday last, as its fresh tracks were on that day observed upwards of ten miles from home, yet it remains still, and we fear ever will, a lost child. The woods are very extensive, spreading from the north branch of Talbot Road east upwards of twenty-five miles, and extending north and south between twelve and fifteen miles. This immense tract is without a human habitation, not having even a foot-path through its whole extent, save a road partially cut out, but not yet travelled, from Talbot street to the commissioners' road. Some of the nights have been very cold, and one or two remarkably wet, still it is generally thought that the child yet lives.

From the Boston Transcript.

GREAT FRESHET IN MAINE.

The Kennebec river, swola by the late rains, has risen to an unparalleled height, and caused a freshet which has carried away mills, stores, bridges, and every thing moveable it met in its progress. We have before us a letter from Hallowell, dated Tuesday, 22d inst. from which we make the following extract:

"It is truly melancholy to look from our window, and witness the destruction of property, and see it floating down the river. No less than three mills and nine bridges have passed this forenoon. Among the bridges were two large ones—one of them from Waterville. Part of Augusta has gone, and the remainder is expected to go every minute. I

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHOLESALE PRICE CURRENT.	
WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl fresh from wagons	$5 25
RYE do. do. do.	4 12½
WHEAT, per bushel	1 10
RYE, do.	80
CORN, per bushel	50
CLOVER SEED, per bushel	5 25
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	2 25
HEMP, do. do.	371
BARLEY, Grass, do.	1 00
FLAXSEED, do.	1 65
OATS from wagons, do.	48
WHISKEY, do. per gallon in bbls	28½
Do. do. do. in bbls	29
COTTON, per lb	11
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb	11
EGGS, per dozen	13
SALT, Ground, per bushel	56
do. fine do.	56
LARD, Leaf & Weather	8
TALLOW, do.	7½
HAMS, Western, per lb	10
SHOT, do. do.	7
BEESWAX, do.	19
DANDELION, do.	90
FEATHERS, do.	40
COMMON WOOL, washed	40
RICE, Fine Carolina and La Plata, per lb	17 to 18
TEA, FINE, do.	74 to 98
LUMBER—White Pine Boards, per 1000 ft	915 to 90
Yellow Pine do.	13 to 16
Oak joists do.	11 to 00
Hemlock do.	6 to 7½
Shingles do.	18 to 23

THE MARKET.—The sales of Superfine Flour for export crate last report, are little short of 3000 bbls., at $5.50 per cwt. in store at their price, some holders asking more. Sales of 1000 bbls. of better prices; a lot of 200 barrels sold at $4 37½, and one of a hundred barrels at 4 37½ were held at the latter price. Sales of 850 bbls. Corn Meal at $3.62½, and 250 barrels at $3.62½. But little Grain in market, and no change to note from last week's prices. Whiskey continues dull at former prices. Linseed Oil is held at 80 cents in barrels, 85 cents.

Sales of Public Stocks, in this City,

DURING THE PAST WEEK.

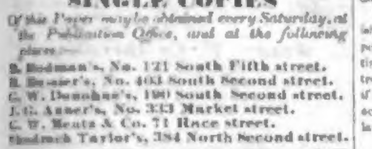
		Par	Price
10	shares Bank of the United States	1244	100
1	do. Manufacturers' Bank	411	35
6	do. Kensington Bank	49	93
1	do. Guard Bank	81	5
2	do. Western Bank	51	5
2	do. do.	100	5
1	do. do.	101	5
2	do. Lehigh Coal & Navigation	471	50
2	do. Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown R. Road	50	
1	do. do. do.	per	20
1	do. Walnut Street Theatre	203	203

Founded in September Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 41 South Third Street.

SINGLE COPIES

Of this Paper may be obtained every Saturday, at the Publication Office, and at the following places:

S. Bedman's, No. 121 South Fifth street.
R. Bonner's, No. 403 South Second street.
C. W. Donahoe's, 190 South Second street.
J. G. Auner's, No. 333 Market street.
C. W. Seats & Co. 71 Race street.
Frederick Taylor's, 384 North Second street.



To Readers and Correspondents.

A Postmaster in Kentucky informs us that some of his neighbors wish to subscribe for the Post, but know of no one authorized to receive subscriptions. We state, in reply, that all Postmasters who will act, are considered as agents once authorized to receive subscriptions, and make remittances by mail, at the risk of the publisher.

Any one may use us as being unwilling, in refusing her "loan," but this we cannot bear rather than publish them in the present form. We judge she has written them with her ears or reflections.

The Planter, in a pretty fair hit, we shall give it place. We are disappointed in the communications from Prairie Cow. He promised us facts now important and interesting; but he has furnished some which are not already known. Besides this, his handwriting is horribly illegible, and his orthography worse. A wide field of amendment is open for him.

"Miss Aubrey," has arrived; we shall shew her "a kindly welcome."

For greater convenience in serving the N. E. Post, *it has been found necessary to lay out a new walk, in the north western part of the city. The additional carrier employed, will serve all city subscribers residing north of Vine, and west of Fourth street. Until he becomes well acquainted with his round, some may probably be neglected, in which case, information left at the publication office will meet prompt attention.*

SELLING BANK STOCK.

One of the very worst propensities of human nature is an inordinate love of gain. When it has once taken possession of a man, it seems to annihilate every honorable feeling, and to destroy every noble sentiment, calculated to elevate and dignify the human character. An unholy thirst for gold is prevalent with every class of evils. Men, under its influence, fall into respectability into utter degradation; from a benevolent liberal mode of dealing, to open dishonesty and vice. It leads the absorbed victim from disinclination to open villainy; from selfishness to brutality; from cunning and craft, to an open contempt for his values, and a bold defiance of the laws of his country.

The truth of this proposition has been strikingly exemplified on two recent occasions, in this city. At the selling of the stock of the Girard Bank, alluded to in a late paper, its enormous proportions manifested, produced scenes which will leave an almost indelible stain on the fair character of our city. A number of persons, absorbed in the contemplation of a little gain, seemed wholly to forget their character and reputation. Hired desperadoes blockaded the windows, effectually preventing any other citizen from purchasing—and indulged in the most gross and immoral excesses. The voice of the people rose up against these unpublic scenes, and at a meeting of citizens the shares of stock were disannexed, and the commissioners, whose conduct was alleged to have been governed by factious, were held up to public view, as men who had betrayed the trust reposed in them. Resolutions were taken read, embracing a committee to prepare a fair statement of the whole transaction, and lay it before the Governor, with a request that the charter of the bank might be withdrawn.

The prompt and decided expression of indignation, could prevent, we expected, any repetition of proceedings so disreputable—but we were mistaken. The second set of the same shares was purchased during the sale of the rest of the Western Bank, on the three first days of this week. The commissioners, without appearing to manifest the least desire of avoiding what had just been so strongly reprobated, but rather trusting with contempt the wishes of the respectable fellow citizens, on whom to preserve the peace of the city, opened but one window, or rather, but one small aperture, barely sufficient to admit a single arm, through which to receive money, and hand out scrip for certificates of stock! The place was quickly besieged by several hundred persons, stripped for a violent contest, in two gangs of about, as might be expected, a tussling color, occasionally rising into serious battle, was kept up throughout the day. A few respectable persons were seen in the mass; but the dreadful sufferings which they were enabled to endure—having pressed upon all sides by hardy ruffians, and persecuted and squeezed almost to suffocation—was overcome the desire of making a few dollars by speculation, and they retired. The field was then entered by rough, athletic desperadoes, in gangs of ten to twenty, hired by stock jobbers to disgrace themselves and the city, for the gratification of obtaining a few dollars. The name of a man—we will not say citizen of respectable—has been mentioned to us, who had himself employed no less than fourteen persons to aid a fifteenth in crowding stock!

The second day's proceedings were far worse. The rush had subsided in value seven dollars the share, and a motive to obtain it was therefore stronger. The upstairs the stock, and their shutters again wedged themselves before the four back lots, and a scene of brawl and confusion, blackguardism and vulgarity, was continued through the day, to which our citizens have hereafore been strangers. Every moral feeling revolted at the exhibition. The police were on the ground, but they could do nothing more than carry off, occasionally, a vagrant who might have been more numerous than his neighbors. They, however, were of some service in saving the lives of several, for if the rush had become entirely exhausted. In one scene, threatening situation for several hours, was necessary to resuscitate a worthless hireling, who had got himself wedged so closely in the living mass, that respiration ceased. In the course of the day, several severe battles were fought by contending gangs.

Early on Wednesday morning, the ground before the window was taken possession of by a tribe of twenty, determined to remain until nine o'clock—the hour of opening the aperture—to secure the first chance of the stock remaining unsold, fifty shares being then allowed to each purchaser. Before daylight a larger troop arrived, who made battle against the first, and drove them away. In an hour or two after, the beaten gang rallied, and with an augmented force, amounting to seventy persons, bore furiously on their assailants, whom they compelled to quit the field.—In the scuffle several persons sustained severe injury. Throughout the day, the contention was much more violent than on either of the preceding days, and the outrages still more horrible and revolting. Men who succeeded in obtaining scrip, were obliged to be dragged out of the crowd by rope, as zealously did those behind press forward!

The moral part of the community now, for the second time, call upon the legislature to put a stop to this mode of selling bank stock. Our citizens ask that these banks may not be chartered, because the stock has been monopolized by the commissioners, and a very few others, and because it will be a sanction of the disgrace which has resulted from its sale. They ask that these proceedings be set aside, and the stock disposed of at public auction, or that the commissioners be compelled to open windows in different parts of the city, at the same time, and that no one, not even a commissioner, be allowed to take ten shares, while there is one who wants five. In this way will the evil be remedied.—The legislature, being now in session, will see the necessity of prompt action in this matter as there are two banks, the stock of which is yet to be sold. The commissioners of one, we understand, have come to the determination, in order to prevent an draw fighting, to divide the whole number of shares equally among themselves. They deserve credit for this resolution.

It is the peculiar consternation which commissioners put upon the law, under which they act, that causes all this confusion and difficulty. They consider themselves entitled each to sixty five shares, and to whatever balance may remain unsold after the third day. At an advance of five dollars, the profit at every commissioner on his sixty-five shares, is no less than three hundred and twenty-five dollars. Were they content with this, the public would be satisfied; but in grasping at more, it becomes their interest to defraud the community, by prostituting the sale! On the first day of the Western bank stock sale, it is said seventy scrips were issued, when it is notorious that five times as many might have been handed out, if the commissioners had desired to do so.

We feel convinced that strong acts shall observe the astonishing influence this monstrous practice has over some of our people. The reflection, that men for a little gold, can entirely forget their respectability, is humiliating in the extreme. The observation which naturally follows is, that if those entrusted with the public confidence will not, when acting on their honor, discharge their duty faithfully, the law must affix penalties for every breach of trust.

THE TARIFF MEETING.

The friends of the Protective System, to the number of four or five thousand, assembled in town meeting in the city, on Saturday last. Judge Hemphill officiated as chairman, by whom the object of the meeting was declared to be, an expression of opinion in regard to the proposed modifications of the Tariff, as presented to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, and by Mr. Adams, chairman of the committee of manufactures.

Peter A. Browne, Esq. addressed the meeting at considerable length, on the constitutionality of the tariff; he took up, separately, the various objections made by the opponents of the Protective System,—rehearsed their arguments, and answered them, one by one, confuting, to the entire satisfaction of his attentive audience, every plea that has been, or possibly can be adduced against the expediency and constitutionality of protecting domestic manufactures.

He concluded, and submitted a sett of resolutions embracing the following propositions—

That the tariff is entirely constitutional until declared otherwise by the judiciary, the only legitimate tribunal competent to set aside the established usage of our country, sanctioned by acts of Congress for more than half a century.

That the modification bill proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, aims a blow at the prosperity of our country, is undermining its agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests, and is especially destructive of the comforts and happiness of the working classes of community.

That it injures the farmer and wool grower, the manufacturers of wool, cotton, iron, drugs, glass, chemicals, hats, caps, bonnets, leather, salt, sugar, umbrellas, copper, &c. &c. by showing the importation of goods, upon the manufacture of which our mechanics and labourers depend for sustenance.

That it strikes a blow at the wages and the employment of the working classes, which will bring poverty and desolation upon them and their helpless families.

That the bill reported by the committee of manufactures, is in general obnoxious to the same objections.

That the free American cannot be expected to manufacture as cheaply as the ill fed operatives of Europe: that that legislation which shall equalize the value of our free labour with that of foreign paupers is to be deprecated, and that the advocates of so revolting a doctrine cannot but be enemies to our country.

That the insidious distinctions proposed by the bill, are regarded with a like repugnance by those who suffer least, and those who suffer most, as the friends of the Protective System will stand or fall together.

That the general prosperity of the United States affords an protest, at this time, for a modification of the tariff, and that the only check to its current among us, has arisen from excessive importations, by which a large amount of specie has been exported.

That any considerable alteration in the existing tariff laws, will be an act of the greatest injustice to those who have engaged in manufactures, with a heavy investment of capital, on the faith of the government that they would be sustained against competition with foreigners.

That any alteration in the tariff would be contrary to the unanimous opinion of Pennsylvania, as expressed by her legislature, and that it is therefore the duty of our senators and representatives in Congress, strenuously to oppose the passage of the bills reported.

The resolutions which embraced the above, were adopted by acclamation. The meeting was highly respectable and orderly in its character. Copies of the proceedings were ordered to be forwarded to Washington, and the assemblage retired.

The perceptions of our Locust street neighbour, in one particular at least, are strangely obscured and perverted. We can scarcely suppose him capable of wilfully uttering a false insinuation against his friends, but that in his last paper relating to the Post, seems to be peculiarly unfortunate and unjust, as a most rigid search over our columns, has detected nothing that could, in the smallest degree, to our mind, authorise or justify such an assertion.

In party politics, we repeat, so far as this paper is concerned, we stand ever uncompromitted. The occasional notices that we give of the movements of parties, are prepared not for our own, but for the gratification of distant readers. Our disposition is not congenial with the life of a harnessed partisan. In furnishing these notices we are not always able to serve up a dish that will tickle all palates—hence the sensitiveness of "whole hog" politicians.

The Fifth Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society, was held in the saloon of the Musical Fund Hall, in this city, on the 22d ult. About two thousand persons were present, several hundred of whom were ladies. Reports were read from several auxiliary societies, and the regular Annual Report, giving a detailed account of the operations of the parent society since the last annual meeting. It contained the most gratifying information in regard to the progress of the cause of temperance.

R. W. Richards, Esq., Mayor of the city, moved the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the influence of temperance is essential to the restraint and suppression of crime, and to the improvement of the social and domestic happiness of the people, and on that account demands the support of all who regard the true interests of the country.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.—A letter from Chicago, dated May 18, 1832, states that an engagement had taken place, at Fox River, between the hostile Sacs and Foxes and the Militia, sent out to meet them—that the militia had been defeated—that the Indians were approaching Chicago, and intended to cut their way through to Canada.

The visiters at the Academy of Fine Arts are more numerous, we understand, than at any previous exhibition. The display of paintings is extensive, rich, and pleasing. Some of the best productions of art are there deposited, and the American spectator cannot but be highly gratified, as he glances his eye around the several rooms, to discover that many of the most brilliantly executed paintings, are the works of native artists.

In the north gallery, we noticed several beautifully finished portraits, by Philadelphia artists, which fairly rival any foreign productions that we have ever witnessed. To particularize a few will be doing injustice to others, but we cannot resist the temptation to call the visiter's attention to the portraits of Mrs. J. K. Kane, Mrs. Sully, the three children grouped, by T. Sully, and to those of Chief Justice Marshall, Recorder M'Ilvaine and Mrs. Strickland, by H. Inman, which we regard as unusually excellent. Various other portraits and views are equally well finished. Catherine and Petruchio, is a very happy effort, and the likeness of J. R. Scott, Esq. by J. H. Mifflin, a young artist of much promise, not less so.

No spectator will pass the painting of Booth in Richard Third, by H. Thomas, without sincerely regretting that the promising talents of the young artist should be so soon lost to his country.

Sully's Tribute Money, and whole length portrait of La Fayette, in the Rotunda, are finely finished paintings. In the same room are many other creditable productions, foremost among which stand Neagle's Patrick Lyon, R. Sully's portrait of Northcote, and the interior of an Iron Foundry, by Otis.

In the Director's room, the Chinese copy of the Declaration of Independence, forms a prominent curiosity.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Cook's Own Book*, is the title of a handsome volume, just published by Munroe & Francis, Boston, and on sale at Carey & Lea's, in this city. As its title imports, it is a complete culinary cyclopedia, comprehending all valuable receipts for cooking meat, fish, and fowl; and for composing all kinds of sauces, gravies, pastries, preserves, &c. The book is a compilation from a great variety of valuable works on domestic economy, published during the last twenty years. It also embraces numerous original receipts, and ample directions for a complete system of confectionary.

In addition to the above, we find prefixed some sensible remarks in relation to the management of families, especially as relates to the economy of the household; directions for keeping cooking utensils in proper order, for boiling, baking, roasting, &c., and a complete analysis of an ox—with a wood engraving—showing precisely the quality and value of the several parts, and in what style they should be prepared for the table.

We take great pleasure in recommending this work to the attention of American matrons, believing it will be to them of incalculable value, in regulating their diet. It is, moreover, a school book, of essential importance to young ladies who desire to fit themselves for the important duties of directing the affairs of a family. There are but few "lords of creation," who cannot discriminate between good and bad cooking, and such, only, think this accomplishment in a female of little importance. All others regard a complete knowledge of domestic economy, as an essential requisite in a good wife.

The introduction of Rail Roads in our country, for travelling and business purposes, has rendered every degree of information calculated to throw light upon their advantages, or to introduce improvements in their construction, of much interest and value. Upon general principles, as the cheapest and most expeditious mode of conveyance, their utility seems to be already generally acknowledged; but distinct from this fact, many minor points, connected with the mode of construction, the nature of the materials employed, the liability to accident, means to prevent, &c. still claim considerable attention, as each successive experiment presents some particular in a new aspect. Theory may be correct, but its practical application is the true philosophy to govern the mechanic.

With a view to gratify the curiosity which almost all classes of citizens now feel in regard to the successful issue of our rail road experiments, Messrs. Carey & Lea have just published, in a large octavo form, Wood's excellent Treatise on Rail Roads, edited by G. W. Smith, Esq. a gentleman well known for his extensive research on this subject. The work may be said to contain a complete history of rail roads and canals, and embodies, likewise, the most copious details of experiments to test the value of this mode of conveyance, made in England, from its origin to the present time.

The American editor, it is easy to perceive, has bestowed great labour upon the work, by which its value to our countrymen is considerably enhanced. He has commented, at large, upon the remarks of the European author; pointed out their defects, given the result of further experiments on our own roads, as well as a history of all that have been constructed in America. As a text book, for all interested in internal improvements, the treatise is invaluable.

An abridged History of the Italian Republics, by Sismondi, is a new work of great interest, recently published by Carey & Lea, of this city. Italy has been justly called the clime of romance. Humanity, upon her shores, seems to have in all her attributes, a ranker and more vigorous growth. The passions and powers of our race appear to expand, with them, in equal proportion; and to hold a constant and strong contention. The debility of exhaustion and the paralysis of age, common to other nations, seem unable to still the throb of passion in her bosom. All is activity, and all is change. While intellect woos her votaries with her warmest and wildest ardour, bigotry and error watch, and wave the sword of proscription over the paradise of knowledge. Under the most degrading slavery, she has produced the most romantic devotees of liberty; under the darkest ignorance she has unfolded the most sublime systems, and given to philosophy and the fine-arts their greatest boasts. She has been now the mistress of the world—the fate of nations; and again the football of fortune—the sport and the victim of the most puny of oppressors. Thus has her history teemed with vicissitudes and change. Unlike other nations who flow down the *channel of time*,

"With the liquid lapse of murmuring streams,"

her career has been that of her own Verino—alternately beautiful and terrible—now thundering from the cataract, and now watering the vale; exciting at different moments, the different emotions of fear and pleasure, horror and admiration. It is this peculiarity that has made Italy the home of romance and the abiding place of poetry. Indeed, her history, narrated by the most ascetic, still bears all the bright and beautiful tinges of romance, and presents a picture of humanity, which however true, seems exaggerated into fiction and heightened into poetry. The great work of Sismondi, on Italian history, one of the noblest productions of the present age, is also perhaps the most interesting work in the range of history. Its size, however, added to the difficulty of procuring it, has made it, to many, a sealed fountain of pleasure and instruction. The present is a smaller production by the same author on the same subject; in which, without diminishing the interest, he has lessened at once the size and the expense of the work. The style is much better than ordinary historical abridgments; and, always easy and animated, becomes frequently fervent and forcible. Its views of men, manners, and events, are expanded and philosophical, and will be found well suited to the sentiments of our own country. On the whole we consider it one of the most useful and excellent publications we have for a long time commended to the patronage of our readers.

Singular Suicide.—Lathrop Shurtliff, of Carver, who was some years since, convicted of an attempt to poison some members of his own family, was discovered on Saturday morning last, hanging by his neck and feet, in the following singular position—his feet were made fast by a cord to the upper rail of a fence of the usual height, while his neck, with a rope of sufficient length to permit his head to come within a foot or eighteen inches of the ground, was tied to a stake somewhat higher than the fence, exhibiting the painful, and at the same time, ludicrous spectacle of a man hanging with his head downwards. Our informant represents him, as a man of intemperate habits, and that he had passed the previous evening at a public house.

[Barnstable Journal.

MURDER!—We learn from sources entitled to credit, that a negro man belonging to Mr. Andrew Yeoman, living near Mountsterling, Ky., murdered his master and mistress on Sunday last, while the rest of the family were away from home, at public worship. The circumstances, as we are informed, are these:—The old gentleman was out in his fields; and his wife in the garden gathering strawberries, when the negro entered the house after knocking her down, cut off her head. On the old gentleman's returning to the house, he was met by the negro, who knocked his brains out, and then cut his throat. The wretch then told his brother (a boy,) to go to the Church and inform his young master and two young misstresses of what had happened—but the boy went to a near neighbor's and related the circumstance, who, together with another gentleman, went immediately to the house; but not finding the murderer, proceeded on the road by which the younger part of the family were to return home, and found him lying in wait—intending, no doubt, to murder the rest of the family. He was taken and confined in jail, to await his trial.

ANOTHER!—We also learn that a negro woman belonging to Mr. John Johnson, living near this place, drowned her three children (the eldest about four years old,) in Sunday morning last. She has not yet been taken.—*Western Citizen, Paris, Ky.*

COMMUNICATION.

DIXON'S NEW OPERA.

Hyperion.—Such is the title of a local Opera, from the pen of Dr. C. G. Conwell, of Philadelphia. The piece was written expressly for Mr. G. Dixon, the distinguished national votary of the comic muse, and the character which he personates, is admirably adapted to develope his peculiar powers. The music is selected with taste, from our most eminent composers. After a diligent perusal of the piece, we candidly think, that it will be one of the most effective Operas ever produced on the Philadelphia boards. The plot runs thus: An English nobleman, Sir Splendid Royal, of an immense fortune, arriving in Philadelphia, becomes enamoured of a lady named Catharine Rashley, daughter of an opulent merchant of the city. On the eve of the nuptials, a letter is received by Mr. Rashley, stating that his purposed son-in-law is not the real Sir S., but an impostor. The news causes great confusion among the parties, and Sir S. is compelled to resign his claims in favor of his most impudent valet, who has unlawfully assumed the character of his master, and palmed himself on the friends of Miss Rashley as the nobleman. Some officious friend, believing the valet to be Sir S. dispatched the aforementioned billet, which arrived about the time of the marriage. Sir S. is cruzed by his disappointment, and believes himself, during his insanity, to be all those fantastic things usually imagined by hypochondriacs. On the detection of the fraud by Old Rashley, Sir S. recovers, and the parties are happily reconciled. The opening scene is laid in the Rashley residence, in Third street, at the Schuylkill, where a number of gentlemen, with Sir S. on a hunting party appear, chaunting a new hunter's chorus adapted to the Overture of Tancredi. Another scene represents a view of the U. S. Bank, in front of which many of our city belles appear, conversing on the topics of the day. Here Mr. Rashley enters after experiencing much disappointment in his attempts to obtain Bank stock. A view of the Masonic Hall is presented in another scene, wherein the excitement produced by the distribution of the Girard Bank stock is depicted. During the piece a fancy ball is given in which a number of quadrilles are introduced by the bon ton. There is also a highly ludicrous scene in the Mayor's court, where a number of *representatives* of the *dilettanti, in alcoholic exercises*, have the honor of appearing before his *Honor*. The scenes, representing Roper's Gymnasium, and the Sporting club, will be very effective. During the piece a homily on the ridiculousness of stopping the Sunday mail, is pronounced by the Hypochondriac, and a burlesque serenade. The piece winds up with a masquerade, got up in celebration of the union of Sir S. with Miss Rashley. The language is classic and the lyric poetry sweeter than any we have yet seen from the same author, who has been styled the Abuser of America.

THE RACES.

New York, May 26.—In consequence of the doubtful state of the weather yesterday, the Course was not so well attended as it should have been. The following horses were entered:—

De Witt Clinton,	True Blue,
Lady Jane Grey,	Rising Sun,
O'Kelly,	Madora.

The first heat was taken by Jane Grey, who seemed to be a favorite. The two following heats were won by O'Kelly.

Medora was distanced on the first heat.

The racing was excellent, so much so, that it was difficult to tell in the two last heats which horse would win.

Immediately after this race was decided, another was commenced between the following horses:—

Hermaphrodite,	Angeline,
True Blue, and another horse whose name we could not ascertain	

The race was won by Angeline, one mile and repeat; but there never was a better race on the course.

Accidents.—On Saturday last, a child, aged about 12 years, belonging to the family of Mrs. Barnes, on the corner of Cherry and Oliver streets, fell into a cistern and was drowned. This morning as the Belville stage coach was descending the Hoboken Hill, the leaders took fright, and the team becoming unmanageable, the stage was upset in the ditch at the foot of the hill. It was crowded with passengers, both inside and out, many of whom, we learn, were seriously injured.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

COMMUNICATED.

Mr. Atkinson—Please to inform the Livery Stable keepers of Philadelphia, that there is a public pump in Branch street above Third, which affords an admirable spot for washing their horses and carriages. There is room for more custom than it enjoys at present, there being on an average only about thirty horses and a dozen carriages washed there each day; while there is space for two rows of carriages and a proportionate number of horses. As the operations are *particularly pleasant* and a great gratification to the neighbours, there is little doubt that any of them will supply soap, sponges, &c. &c. if only applied to be made.

GRATIS.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We understand that the recent harsh and unreasonable weather, has had a most unfavorable effect upon the prospects of the crops in this neighborhood.—The fruit also has been considerably injured. It is anticipated that the peach trees, in consequence of the frost, will be almost unanimously unproductive.

Mr. Richards will, it is understood, decline a re-election as Mayor of Philadelphia, after his present term expires.

The stone farm-house on the place in Penypunk township, on the banks of the Schuylkill, formerly known as the Hamburg Hotel, was struck by lightning on the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th inst. The electric fluid struck the chimney, split the *stair door*, and broke several panes of glass. Fortunately no person was hurt.

George Gizer, Esq., of this city, has been appointed Weighmaster for the Port of Philadelphia, in the place of Capt. John Steele, resigned.

We learn, from the Savannah Georgian of the 21st, that Wiley Anderson, said to be a murderer and a noted horse thief, who resided in Habersham county, fled from justice into South Carolina, and was overtaken in Spartanburg district, by Wm. Hamilton, B. Vaugh, and P. Hudgins, but refusing to stop, the three fired upon him and shot him dead. He was armed at the time with a pistol, charged and cocked.

The interments in Baltimore, during the past week, were 31—males 20, females 18—of which number 12 were colored persons.

A letter from Havre, of the 27th ult. received in this city, via Liverpool, states that eight cases of Cholera had occurred among the Swiss emigrants, who were quartered in the low and most filthy part of the town.

An election for Brigadier General of the fourth Brigade of South Carolina took place at Charleston, on the 21st ult. The candidates were James Hamilton, jr., the Governor of the state, and Col. J. W. Walter. At the close of the day, the poll of the city regiments exhibited a handsome majority for Gov. Hamilton.

Miss has made his Will, which has been taken to Philadelphia, and properly authenticated by the Spanish Ambassador. Among other legacies, we learn that he bequeaths 500 dollars to the Sheriff of Bucks county, and 300 to each of his lawyers! His real name, as affixed to this instrument, is Carolino Estrado Estrulgo.

A London paper of the 29th ult. says:—"The Cholera has broke out with great violence at Havre, and a great number of the German emigrants from the borders of the Rhine, who had arrived at that port with the view of embarking there for America, have fallen victims to its ravages.

Snow Storm on the twenty-fourth of May!—We learn, from an Albany paper, that on Thursday last, snow fell on the Catskill Mountains to the depth of six or eight inches.

The Car of Commerce, Captain Reed, on her passage from Charlton to Louisville, was snagged, on the 8th ult. in the Missouri river, when about 12 miles from its mouth. She was instantly put ashore, and sunk in 30 minutes. A part of her cargo and all her furniture was saved.

Houston beat Mr. Stanberry until Buckner believed he was dead. Houston was told that he was reprimanded. A person in New Jersey flogged the editor of a paper and was fined 800 dollars. The difference in value of an editor and a member of Congress may be tested by such results.

Three persons confined for debt in the jail of Tioga co., Pa., made their escape on the night of the 19th inst. A reward of 50 dollars is offered for their apprehension, by the Sheriff of the county.

One of the causes of the late disaster at Mounts. Phelps & Peck's store, New York, is said to have been the use of jackscrews in one of the upper stories, for the purpose of pressing bales of cotton into a smaller compass. Such an operation must have strained the walls.

The steamboat North America, which is now running to Albany, has had about 45 feet added to her length, including the extended bow or cut-water, and her entire length is now, we believe, 225 feet. The cabins are also fitted up in a style of luxurious elegance, and are every way commodious and comfortable.

New Counterfeits.—One dollar bills on the Union Bank in the city of New York. Vignette, a female in a sitting posture, with a bale of merchandize, &c.; ships in view on the right of Vignette; on the left a sloop heating to windward. letters S. L. No. 3361, dated May 1, 1831.

A dog, supposed to be mad, was killed on Friday morning in North Front street.

Aaron Vail, Secretary of Legation to London, has been appointed, with the consent of the Senate, Charge d'Affairs to England.

A fire broke out in the village of Bethany, Wayne co., Pa., on Thursday week, and was not extinguished until it destroyed a building owned by Dr. Rooser, and a large frame building attached to the tavern of Mr. James Miller.

Effects of our Swamps.—Persons from the country state that hundreds of birds, of different kinds, have perished from the effects of the severe stormy weather, which has prevailed for some days past. Dead swallows, blue-birds, chippees, &c., may be seen scattered promiscuously thro' the fields, along the fences, and under trees.

Boleville Baker, represented as being an industrious man, was drowned in the Delaware, four miles above Trenton, on the 23d ult.

On the 19th ult. the dwelling house of Mr. Peter Javain, Charleston, S. C. was destroyed by fire; furniture saved. The fire was occasioned by the carelessness of some negroes, who applied a torch to some clothes drying in the yard.

There was a fall of snow in Boston last Friday.

There were 108 deaths in this city last week—51 adults and 57 children. 24 of whom were under one year of age.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Advocate, speaking of the bank debate in the Senate, says—"I think it may last some two or three weeks. The bill will pass, without much variation from its present form, though many additional restrictions will be proposed. The number of senators friendly to the bank is supposed to be 27.

Frost was seen at Doylestown on Monday morning, an hour after sunrise. On Monday week, Yardleyville, in the lower part of Bucks county, was assailed by a hail storm which broke all the windward windows destroyed the rye, and injured the wheat. Many of the stones were as large as walnuts, and the storm lasted more than half an hour.

An advertisement in the Carlisle Republican, cautions the public to beware of a villain named Thomas E. Alexander, who has, for some time past, resided in Newton, Cumberland county, and who lately decamped from that place, leaving behind him a wife, said to be a very respectable woman, and five small children. He is supposed to have gone off in company with a young girl about sixteen years of age.

We learn from the Oxford Examiner, that a free man of color was brought before the late County Court of Granville, charged with a violation of the law prohibiting the emigration to this state of free negroes and mulattos. The case was examined into the case, adjudged him to be liable for the fine of $100, prescribed as a penalty for the violation of said act, and he being unable to pay the same, was ordered to be sold accordingly.

A young American, by the name of Walmsley, recently died in Mexico, and on his death bed directed the sum of $10,000 to be divided equally between the American Bible, Tract, Sunday School and Home Missionary Societies, and the American Board of Foreign Missions.—The amount has been duly remitted to this country. Mr. Walmsley was formerly a citizen of New York, and much esteemed by all who knew him.

An Ohio paper mentions a machine which has been invented and put in operation, in that state, for raising mortar, which promises to be of general utility. It is now put in operation by hand, or by horse, water, or steam power; and it is said, that two men, by means of it, can prepare about five times the quantity of mortar that they can without it.

Knott and Topar, &c.—A southern paper contains an advertisement offering a reward of *fifty dollars* for a black fellow between Captain Conger, "five feet six inches high, and about twenty-six years of age." The same paper advertises, in the same paper, offers one cent reward for "George Nicholas V. Miller, sixteen years of age, light hair, skin, and rather stout made. Fifty dollars for ebony—one cent for topaz!—"Millions for defence—not a cent for tribute."

Fourteen hundred and fifty-five emigrants arrived at Quebec on the 13th and 14th instant.

Pottsville derived its celebrity from the genius of a gentleman, and a kind gentleman, named John Pott. This enterprising man (and nearly a second Daniel Boone) traced a vast extent of country. His enterprising spirit never failed him. In diving into the bowels of the earth he found a mineral treasure. He was the first to open the *lead*, not as a surgeon, but a friend of mankind.

Sir Richard Birnie, long an eminent magistrate of the London police, died in London, on the 26th of April, aged 73. He succeeded Sir Robert Baker, as the Chief Magistrate, in 1821, when Sir Robert retired from that station, in consequence of having given offence to the government in the matter of Queen Caroline.

Among the *on dits* of Saturday, from Washington, is a scuffle between Mr. Plummer, of Mississippi, and Mr. Slade, of Maine. It is said that the former threw a chewed quid of tobacco in the face of the latter.

Sudden Death.—Major Jacob Frederick retired to his room at Bement's Hotel, Albany, in his usual good health, on Saturday night, and was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning.

The deaths during the past week, in New York, amounted to 93, viz:—92 men, 19 women, 98 boys, 98 girls. 48 were under five years of age. 28 died of consumption, and 6 of Scarlet fever.

At the Charleston Theatre, on Monday week, while Miss Meadowcraft was singing, a gentleman threw a dollar on the stage, and the audience generally followed his example. The actress filled her apron with coin, and found that two or three doubloons had come down in the shower.

As an offset to the statements which occasionally appear in the papers, relative to vegetable and other productions of the earth of extraordinary growth, the editor of the Genius of Liberty, printed at Leesburg, Va. mentions the fact that a citizen of Fauquier county, in that State, "recently sent *sixteen* of his own children, lawfully born in wedlock, to a neighboring school, at one and the same period of time."

The Sentinel, published at Woodstock, Va., states that an individual lately caused a "warrant of distress" to be issued against a man whose wife's corpse was awaiting removal to the tomb! The officer remonstrated with the brute, for a month, a week, or even a day's delay; but was forced to serve the warrant just as the funeral train was moving. He who has thus set all decency and public sympathy at defiance, is rich, palsied with age, and wishes a child to succeed him.

In the Senate at Washington, on Saturday, Mr. Wilkins presented a memorial from Pennsylvania, against the Tariff Bill of the Secretary of the Treasury, and in favor of applying surplus revenue to Internal Improvement. The Senate adopted two amendments to the Bank Bill, proposed by Mr. Webster, one striking out the clause limiting the number of branches, the other making the bonus payable in sums of one hundred thousand dollars yearly, for fifteen years.

The famous Lord Cochrane, now Earl of Dundonald, has been restored to his rank in the British Navy, and is now a Rear Admiral. It was always believed in England, by a number of intelligent and impartial persons, that, in the notorious fraud which caused his expulsion from the Navy; his degradation from the order of the Bath, and his condemnation to the Pillory—the last of which was remitted—he was rather the tool than the knowing accomplice of his uncles, who were the principals in that infamous transaction.

On Saturday last, in the Senate at Washington, when the Bank Bill was under discussion, an iron horse-shoe was thrown from the gallery upon the floor of the Senate chamber. It fell in the direction of Mr. Dickerson's seat, and was interpreted into a hint about general Jackson's resignance to the importation of raw iron. The Sergeant-at-arms sought for the offender, but he had made his escape.

Pawn Broker's Sale

OF the largest and most extensive assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Summer Clothing that will be offered this season, without reserve, on MONDAY morning, June 4, 1832, at 9 o'clock, will be sold at the auction store of M. THOMAS, No. 97 North Second street, below Third.

Consisting of coats, roatees, roundabouts, 100 pair of summer and cloth pantaloons, 100 new and second hand vests, linen and cotton shirts, 100 pair shoes, 100 hats of different kinds, shawls, scarfs, petticoats, aprons, bibbs, capes and collars, socks, cravats, stockings and gloves, boots and shoes, hats and bonnets, bed spreads, curtains, sheets, pillow cases and towels, silk and calico dress patterns, umbrellas, parasols, &c. &c.

Also, at half past 10 o'clock, 2 good feather beds. june 2-1t*

Baker's Intelligence Office,

ESTABLISHED IN MAY, 1811.

SOUTH East corner of Chesnut, in Third st., (Up Stairs.) Procures Houses and Farms, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardiners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Grooms, Bar Keepers, Cullers, Porters, House Keepers, Wet Nurses, Housekeepers, Chamber and Child's Maids, men and women Cooks, Travelling men and women, Dairy Maids, Round Children and bought Servants.

For Sale, The time of a coloured boy, 15 years old, and six years to serve. Also, a Girl, aged 13 to serve.

A Book-Keeper and Salesman wants a situation.

A Young Man wants a situation in a Grocery or Dry

O spirits gay, and kindly heart,
Precious the blessings ye impart.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE WANT OF CASH.

What is that which makes friends few,
That bids them all retire from view,
And soon forget they once in knew?
'Tis want of cash.

What is that which comfort sends,
And for each foible makes amends,
And makes our houses full of friends?
'Tis plenty cash.

What is that which clouds the brow,
That makes the heart that's aching now,
Before the money-lender bow?
'Tis want of cash.

What is that which stalls around,
And pours the balm into the wound,
That hath a sweet harmonious sound?
'Tis jingling cash.

What is that which drives despair
From off the wrinkled brow of care,
And dries the flood of every tear?
'Tis plenty cash.

What is that when far from home,
That to our aid doth sweetly come,
And gives us joy wherever we roam?
'Tis purse of cash.

'Tis cash that pleasure doth impart,
Which dwells in every human heart,
And heals the pain of every smart;
'Tis this for which we pant and sigh,
That doth all needful good supply,
We every thing on earth can buy;
With plenty cash.

'Tis this gives relish to each meal,
That softly o'er our bosoms steal,
Then may we never feel
The want of cash.

A LOVER OF CASH.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A Question for Solution.

Upon the top of a tower 200 feet high, is placed a flagstaff of 27 feet; a bullet let fall from the top of this flagstaff, and at the instant of the bullet's passing the bottom of the staff, a stone is let fall from a window 45 feet from the top of the tower; at what distance from the top of the tower will the bullet overtake the stone.

A. R. S.

A Dandy outwitted.—A dandy in Broadway a few mornings since, accosted the old bell man as follows: 'You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?' 'Yes, jump in, jump in!'

Force of Habit.—Some days since, (says an English paper,) Lowndes the Theatrical bookseller, presented a check at the banking house of Sir William Curtis & Co. and on the cashier putting the usual interrogatory, "How will you take it, sir?" Lowndes replied, "*Cold, without sugar.*"

A Scrap of Natural History.—A farmer in Catskill the other day saw in a field two large sized black snakes, one of which he killed. The other made its escape. Having heard if the dead one is not removed its companion will return, and lie by the side of it, he visited the spot next day, when he actually found the living and dead snake together, and killed the one which had before made his escape.

A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why then do you sleep without your shoes, was the reply?"

A Clincher.—An American paper says this is the method of catching tigers in India:—A man carries a board on which a human figure is painted; and as soon as he arrives at the den he knocks behind the board with a hammer: the noise suddenly rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board and grasps it, and the man behind it clenches its claws into the wood, and so secures him.—*English paper.*

A PRECAUTION.

Pat Murphy my footman desirous to suit,
And so quick on his errands to go,
Had walked till he fairly had worn in his boot
A little round hole in the toe.

Next morning I saw him intently at work;
(I scarcely could ask him for laughter)
In the heel he was boring a hole with a fork.
"Why Pat," says I, "what are you after?"

"Faith, master", says he, "you the reason shall know,
The cause I don't wish to conceal:
'Tis to let all the wet that comes in at the toe
Run immediately out at the heel."

A FOREIGN INTRODUCTION.—Very disagreeable consequences sometimes arise for the want of a proper introduction to strangers. The mere mention of the name is not sufficient. It should be accompanied with a short history of the individual himself, together with those of his connections. His political and religious predilections should be hinted at, and, in short, such information given, that, in his presence or in conversation with him no improper theme may be broached, and no offensive phrase introduced.

For want of observing this rule, how many unpleasant circumstance have followed! How many ears have been pained, how many faces suffused with crimson, by hearing the unlucky mention of some circumstance, or some trait, which happens to be discreditable to a brother, a father, a husband, an uncle, or, what is quite as troublesome or more other connexion. How often has a mere, though sincere remembrance, mentioned a name, in the presence of one who has had a relation hanged! how often spoken lightly of the tread-mills or the state prison, before one who has some kindred actually undergoing the probation of one of those institutions!

A proper and thorough-going introduction should be something like the following: "I make you acquainted with," or "Permit me to introduce to you," or "I have not great pleasure to introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. Hardenstile, of New York, wholesale dealer in iron ware, a staunch Presbyterian, and a thorough going Jackson man. This will prevent your saying any thing offensive on religion, politics, or the trade in iron-ware.

Again: I make you acquainted with Doctor Gallipot of Philadelphia—son of the late celebrated Doctor Gallipot of that place—himself the inventor of the double lipped sweezers—a man of no particular religion and the same in politics.' This short history, will enable you to pay a proper compliment to his descent, as well as to his own personal merits.

Again: I have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Prettyman, relict of the late Honorable Jeremiah Prettyman, and the mother of three beautiful daughters, worth forty-thousand dollars apiece.' Such an introduction, if you are a bachelor, may be of the utmost import ance to you, by enabling you to act the agreeable to the old lady to my many fine things of her daughters' beauty, and thus perhaps pave the way to an acquaintance which will be the absolute making of you—whereas, without this little introductory history, you might as likely as not blab out something disagreeable to the Honorable widow, and so unwittingly mar all your prospects in that quarter.

Again: 'I make you acquainted with Miss Halcyon, the second daughter of Thomas Halcyon, Esq., a distinguished lawyer, and at present a candidate for Congress. She sings charmingly, and plays on the piano divinely. Her eldest sister is married to a thriving merchant, and she has three other sisters almost as pretty as herself, unmarried.' After this introduction, you can scarcely be at a loss how to demean yourself, so as to win the good graces of all concerned.

Other examples might be named. But this will suffice to show the true mode of proceeding: and any man's own judgement will teach him how to vary the rules here laid down, so as to fit them to all the different cases that may usually arise.—*Constellation.*

When the rumour prevailed in England of a French invasion, two chimney sweepers fell into conversation upon the times. 'Jack,' said one of the sable politicians, 'what is it to us? our trade has nothing either to hope or fear from any change in government—what need we care? we shall be chimney sweepers still.' 'That is a mistake,' replied Jack, 'for when the French come they will bring French chimney sweepers along with them, and we shall be out of employ. This is not a bad notion, but not so good as that of the respectable aunt of Mr. Peter Moore, who was at Dover during the late war, and just at the period when invasion was threatened, there happened to be a chimney on fire, and the smell of the soot became very powerful—'Good gracious,' said the old lady to her maid, 'the French are coming, we shall be all murdered—ruined—annihilated.' 'Dear Ma'am,' said the maid, 'why do you think the French are coming?' 'I smell them, Kitty,' said the lady. 'Smell the Mounsheers,' said the maid, 'La! Ma'am!' 'Don't you?' said the lady.—'No,' said the maid: 'I only smell soot.' 'That's them,' said the respectable twaddler, 'that's them—don't you see in the newspapers that all their flat bottomed boats are rowed by sweeps?'

NATIONAL PARTIALITIES OF CHOLERA.—At Smyrna the cholera made the round of the town, proceeding in a manner by nations. First, the Jews, who form the poorest, most timorous, worst fed, clothed, and lodged class, were attacked, and among these it was chiefly the females who perished. May not this be attributed to the circumstance of their walking with their throats, and part of their chests, uncovered, while the men wear a large girdle, and a long waistcoat buttoned up to the chin? The number of Jews who died was not less than from 800 to 1,000 out of a population (remaining in the town) of about 12,000 persons. The disease then passed to the Greeks, of whom 2,000 out of 30,000 died. It then extended itself to the Turks and Armenians, who lost 2,500 or 3,000 out of from 45,000 to 50,000. At length it reached the Franks, and although, in a population of from 9,000 to 10,000 souls, there are of course many persons very badly off in every way, still only 60 died; and of more than 700 or 800 individuals belonging to the families of merchants and persons in easy circumstances among these Europeans, only four died!—two of them in consequence of not having called in a physician until 12 hours after the commencement of the attack; and these were, besides, aged persons: a third, also an old man, in consequence of having neglected a diarrhœa brought on by fright: and the fourth, a lady in the family way, who had indulged her appetite too much, from an idea that nothing was hurtful to one in her situation. —*Belgian Consul's Letter in the Medical Gazette*

From the New York Constellation.

"IS BEING."

The translators of the Bible were men vastly learned in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but in their vernacular tongue, if modern writers be correct, they were dolts. For instance, they say —"The temple of Solomon was forty years *in building*," whereas a modern would say *in being built*. As for Swift, Addison, Goldsmith, and Johnson—they were mere tyros in the English language—and knew nothing compared with a Cockney of the present date.

It is wonderfully gratifying to perceive the improvement which has been made in the vernacular, within the last half dozen years. The writers of the days of Queen Anne, never dreamt of the present march of intellect. But, what is particularly gratifying to an American, the improvement in pure English has marched across the Atlantic. There are indeed a few old fashioned writers, who adhere to the former style, as certain Revolutionary worthies do to their hair-powder and shoe-buckles; and—stupid that they are!—cannot be made to believe in the beauty or the correctness of the modern improvement.

But if they are obstinate and prejudiced, others are not so; and the friends of elegant speaking cannot help feeling gratified at the spread of pure modern English. It has made considerable progress downwards; and chambermaids and hostlers, as well as novelists and editors, are now getting it to a T. Even Toby and Phillis, Dinah and Cato, speak it remarkably well.

"Phillis!"

"Wal, sir."

"Is your mistress dressing for church?"

"No sir, she's not dressin—but she's *bein dress*."

"Being dress!—what's the difference."

"All difference in de worl, massa; it's berry improbers to say dressin."

"Who taught you so? Did your mistress?"

"No, sir—I larns it o' Pomp; and Pomp, he larns it o' Cato—and Cato, he gits it o' Sambo. Dat's de only erect way o' speakin, massa. All de gentry spoke so now. Misser Dash *was's being in courtin* young Missus, he spokes so. He says I hab a new coat *bein made* to go to de ball; and den he says morcober besides, my whisker *is being grown* finely ebber since I grease him wal wid de massacre oil. Den dere's our Pomp, he speak 'em erect Inglish, almost as wal as Misser Dash. He says todder night, *I'm bein kitchi* a mon'sous cold, Phillis; I wants some bolluble liniment to rub my throat wid. Den dare's Cato to Cuffee, he speaks 'em same limbo. I axes him todder mornin wi he no gut on a clean collar—cause, says he, I *aint bein shaved* yet. Wy, massa, de new limbo all de go now."

"It is, ha? Well, Phillis, you shall be all the go—out of the house—if you don't leave off your new limbo as you call it."

"Wal, massa, wen *I'm bein gone*, I hopes you'll gib me a crackter for speaking true Inglish—dat is in de new way; cause wulout dat, massa *I'll neber bein got a place*.

Another specimen of the new and improved style may be found in the following letter, from a boarding school miss:

Deer Ma,—I *am now being teached* the spanish language which my Tuteror says I learn with great fasility—Ive improved amazingly in the english aints Ive been here—don't you think I have?—I speak and right the real new style now —and my compositions *are being verry much admyred* among the pupils of the school—I come within won of getting the meddle for being the best english schollar at the clows of the last quarter—and I shood a dun it, but I *was being* sick a bed and coodnt attend to my studies for a hull weak and sow I got behindhand—hy the buy Ma, what shocking english you do right!—Ime ashamed to sho your letters to any of the misses among ackwarntance—for instants you say while the tea water was bileing tother day—etceterah and so forth—now you should a said while the tea-water *was being bill* etceterah and so forth—Pa two rights jest as incorreckt—for instants he says in his letter that french guds is falling werry much of late—instead of saying french guds *is being fell*—Ime really shocked that you and hoe dont keep paice with the march of modern improvement—but *Ime being called* this minit to excite my spanish lessun—so I must wind off, —d superskribe myself your affectionate dawteran

MIRANDA MACKERELL.

P. S. *Ime being* now werry nearly out of kid slines and hop youle send me a duzzen pear by the neckst male—in haist M. M.

WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

We have always agreed, with Dr. Johnson, in saying, "that a woman cannot know too much of arithmetic;" as we believe every one does, who has witnessed the utter helplessness of a young widow left with entangled accounts to settle. We copy the following from Mr. Sullivan's Political Class Book:—

"It is one of the most striking defects in our system of education, that females are so generally uninstructed in the substance and forms of business. Much precious time is devoted in early life to some accomplishments which are forgotten amidst the cares of married life. It would be far more useful to devote that time to make woman intelligent in those affairs which concern them deeply, as mothers, widows, and guardians, and in the character of executrix and administratrix, and frequently in other employments which require a familiarity with the forms of business. In Europe, it is not uncommon for females to have the chief management of important business establishments. They are sometimes members of mercantile houses. It is not to be desired that employments of this nature should be common among the American ladies—they can be much better employed. But considering the frequent and sudden changes of our country, I may perhaps be permitted to say, that to know well the nature of contracts and the forms in which they should appear, and to be able to keep accounts accurately, may be as useful as to be able to speak Italian or French; to print flowers and landscapes; or to converse well, on the comparative merits of poets and novelists."

A DOMESTIC WEASEL.

Although Buffon was of opinion that the Weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, we have the following interesting account of one in a letter of Mademoiselle de Lantre. "If I pour some milk into my hand," says she "it will drink a good deal; but if I do not pay it this compliment, it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odours by perfumes. During day, it sleeps inside a quilt, entering by a place that is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered. At night I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols, it comes into my bed, and repuses in my hand or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth like a little dog; leaping on my head and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility, that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished-for object; and it is so capricious at times, as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I wake it, however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes its gambols with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it mortally detests; in which case it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to the sound of its voice when pleased.

This little creature can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me with its two little paws; it frequently puts me on the chin, in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my attention, when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him. On these occasions, he will conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and spring on me as I pass with astonishing quickness. His vivacity, agility, and voice with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking: but since the cold has set in he has desisted from this practice, but has sometimes expressed this particular sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams. It seems extremely probable that the weasel sips the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hand. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then in such a small way, that he appears only to do it to cool his tongue, for he evinced fear on several occasions when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavored to get him to enter it to bathe himself, but this he would not do. I then dipped a piece of linen cloth in it; this seemed to afford him much pleasure, by rolling himself over it, which he did frequently.

The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer or box without his roving through every part of them: if even a piece of paper or a book is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to, and survey with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar; he will scamper over their necks, backs and legs, without their offering him the smallest injury."

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A REPRIMAND.

A correspondent has favored us with the following version of Mr. Speaker Stevenson's address to General Houston, on reprimanding him for his assault on Mr. Stanberry. It strikes us as conveying the whole sense of the original, in familiar, and intelligent language:

Sammy Houston! stand up! you've been charged with a breach
Of the rights of this House, and our free dom of speech.
You have beaten a member for stating a fact,
And the House can't afford to approve of the act.
It's a delicate matter for one Jackson-man
To censure another, but as well as I can,
I'll do it. So, Sammy, you know we have lost
Nearly all of four weeks, and how much it has cost
To consider your case—you've had counsel allow'd,
And been marched up to state, ev'ry day, thro' the crowd;
We have heard all the law learning out of the book,
We have also heard you discourse on your own hook;
And now, in a "moral and dignified" way,
I proceed to the utterance of what I've to say.
No matter, what led you to make the assault,
The House thinks, decidedly, you were in fault;
And they censure you, Sam—to be censured you stand.
And I must administer their reprimand.
If it were to a pauper that I had to preach,
Or a changeling scrub, who knew no parts of speech,
I should lay down the law with portentous effect,
And make them thereafter behave more correct;
But as you've been a member yourself, 'twould be vain,
And ill-timed for me, you may do it again.
You may *lick* any body you like, and may ride
About, with the Sergeant-at-Arms by your side;
And then may, perhaps, have the pleasure to stand
Again before me, getting my reprimand.
You certainly know that if all of our body
Should be *licked* every day, it would look rather oddly;
And the Fearons, and Fraues, and Trollopes might tell
Some truths, which in print would not sound very well.
Oh! Sammy, for shame! think of this my dear son!
I am sure, had you thought of the risk that you run,
Of displeasing the House in the manner aforesaid,
You would not have done it, and there'd been no more said
Thus the House is avenged, and my eloquence stranded,
And you—Sam—consider yourself, *reprimanded!!*

SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States.

BY PROFESSOR RAFINESQUE.

OXALIS ACETOSELLA.

Names. Common Woodsorrel. *Fr.* Oxalide alleluia. *Vulgar.* Sour Trefoil, Cuckoo Bread, White Sorrel, Mountain Sorrel.

Genus OXALIS. Calix five parted, persistent. Corolla of five petals, slightly connected at the base. Ten stamina, monadelphous at the base, five alternate shorter. Five styles and stigmas, capsule pentagonal, debiscent at the angles, five locular cells, two or many seeded; seeds with an elastic axils.

Sp. Oxalis Acetocella. Stemless, creeping, petioles and scapes long, filiform and pilose, leaves with three folioles, broad obcordate pilose, ciliate, scapes uniflore, erect.

DESCRIPTION.—Roots perennial, creeping, white, juicy, with some little fleshy knobs, leaves nearly radical, on long slender filiform hairy petioles, three folioles, subsessile, more or less pilose, ciliated, obcordate, broad, glaucous beneath: scapes similar and equal to the petioles, with two small adpressed bracts on the middle, one terminal flower, white, with purple veins. The five longest stamina equal to the styles.

HISTORY.—This plant is scattered in both continents, in woods, groves, and hedges; but in America seems confined to the boreal and mountain regions. It blossoms in summer. It has many varieties—1. *Minor*, (figured here) with small leaves, not very broad nor pilose, small erect flowers, with obtuse petals. In Canada, New York, New England. 2. *Montana*, with large, very broad, and short leaves, nearly glabrous and reticulated, but ciliated, flowers large, erect, with retuse petals, and a yellow spot at the base of each. On the Catskill and Alleghany mountains. These appear almost different species, but they are connected by the European varieties, such as, 3. *Cespitosa*. Leaves cespitose, flowers bluish-white. 4. *Nutans*. Leaves broad, pilose, flowers nodding, smaller, &c.—Many other species are found in North America, which have mostly yellow flowers on a stem, except the *O. violacea*, which is stemless, and has purple blossoms. The *O. sanguinolaria* of Louisiana, has yellow blossoms, with bloody spots inside. They are all called Wood-sorrel; are small scentless plants, with a sharp acid tastes, and have all similar properties.

PROPERTIES. Acid, refrigerant, attenuant, anti-putrid and diuretic. Useful in decoction as a cooling drink in inflammatory disorders, fevers, piles, putrid diseases, &c. Boiled in milk they form a good acid whey, very cooling. They may also be eaten in sallad; they are peculiarly useful in diseases of the kidneys, and bladder, when they are inflamed and painful, acting as cooling diuretics. They are often substituted to common sorrel and sheep sorrel; but they must not be eaten to excess, because they contain a violent poison, the oxalic acid; in small quantity, however, since 100 pounds of leaves give only 30 pounds of juice, and this only 10 ounces of the super oxalate of potash, which is sold and used by the wrong name of Salt of Lemons, for making a bad and dangerous imitation of lemonade, and for taking off ink stains from linen, cloth and paper. A good conserve and syrup of oxalis leaves were made, which are pleasant medical preparations; they are now, however, superseded by currant jelly and other preparations of acid fruits.

From the Literary Gazette.

NEW BOILING APPARATUS.

Mr. Perkins the celebrated engineer, has recently discovered and obtained a patent for a new mode of boiling, by a process so simple that it is a subject of surprise to all who see it, that it has not been earlier among our useful improvements. It consists in placing within a boiler, (of the form common to the purpose to which it is applied, and of all capacities, from coffee pots to steam-boilers,) a vessel, that may, by slight stays, be kept at equal distances from the sides and the bottom of the boiler, and having its rim below the level of the liquid, the inner vessel has a hole in the bottom, about one third of its diameter. On the application of the fire to the boiler, the heated liquor rises in the space between the two vessels, and its place is supplied by the descent of the column in the inner-vessel, or as Mr. Perkins calls this part of the apparatus, the circulator; for the ascending portion having the space it occupied supplied by the descending liquid in the centre, and the level of the centre being kept up by the running in of the heated portion which has risen on the sides, a circulation rapidly begins and continues; thus bringing into contact with the heated bottom and sides of the boiler, the coldest portion of the liquid.

By this process, the rapidity of evaporation is excessive, far exceeding that of any other method previously known; whilst the bottom of the boiler having its acquired heat constantly carried off by the circulating liquid, never burns out, nor rises in temperature many degrees above the heat of the liquid. In many manufactures this is a most important discovery, especially in salt-works, brewers' boilers, and for steam boilers; and applied to our culinary vessels, no careless cook can burn what she has to dress in a boiler, by neglecting to stir it, as the circulation prevents the bottom of the boiler from ever acquiring heat enough to do mischief. We need hardly add, that this discovery is esteemed by men of science to be one of the most useful and important of the present day.

Lord Dunmer and Mr. Edward Monckton, both stuttered dreadfully. Once, upon the occasion of their meeting in London, Mr. Monckton, seeing Lord Dunmer making a yoon stuggle to give utterance to his wish, said to him, "My dear Lo—os—ord, wh y- eh—sh—yon go to the yoon that cu—ou—our—cured me."

BUTTER.—A writer for the *Genesee Farmer* observes, that the quality of butter would be much improved if purchasers were willing to make a difference between a *good* and a *bad* article. "If housekeepers would attend more to the purchasing of their butter, making more difference in the price according to quality, we should soon be supplied with reason,) a beautiful, bold, and expeditious system of writing.

Mr. BRISTOW, in taking leave of the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia for a brief period, feels bound to say, that the extensive encouragement he has received during his residence among them, has been extremely flattering, and that he will long retain the remembrance of their kindness and attention. may 19—4t

Emmitsburg Property.

I WILL sell the property recently occupied by me; the improvements are a two story brick house, containing seven rooms, one pantry and kitchen, smoke house, carriage house, stabling, &c. all in good order. Terms will be accommodating.

april 7—tf JOSEPH BAUGHER.

JACOB HOFFMAN,

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,

NO. 339 North Third Street, one door below Coates,—respectfully informs the citizens of Philadelphia and the public generally, that he continues business at the above old established stand, where he intends keeping on hand a general and extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes of a very superior quality, and which being manufactured from the best seasoned materials, and under his own immediate care he warrants to be equal to any in the state, and trusts by strict attention to business to merit public patronage.

J. Hoffman informs the Bootmakers of Philadelphia, that he continues to supply boots in a superior manner.

Country storekeepers and others will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves, as they can be supplied cheaper (for cash) than elsewhere. may 26—1mo

New Clothing Store.

NO. 205 Market Street, (3d door below Eighth, north side,) where a general assortment of seasonable clothing may be had at the lowest prices. Merchants and others can have their clothes made in the best and most fashionable manner, at the shortest notice, on the best terms. J. BATTLE.

may 26—tf

New Hardware, Looking Glass, and FANCY STORE,

SOUTH West corner of Second and Race Streets. The subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale a complete assortment of the following goods:

Looking glasses, brass and iron andirons, shovel and tongs, tea trays and waiters, bread and snuffer trays, bellows and bagatelle frames and plated candlesticks, plated and japan'd castors, Britania tea and coffee pots, Britania ware in sets, brass and iron door nails, knives and forks, pen and pocket knives, scissors, razors, tea and table spoons, soup ladles, brass and plated coffee, tea, sugar cocks, bronze and other shovels, plain irons, files and rasps, saws, cast steel hatchets, axes, locks, hinges, screws, nails, bolts, shovels and spades, hay and manure forks, grass and corn scythes, frying pans, tin bottles, spice cans, cards, quills, wafer boxes, &c.

Also, R. Garnett's superior copper Carpenter's superior planes from the Union Factory. With a general assortment of hardware, cutlery, &c. suitable for merchants, housekeepers, carpenters, builders, cabinet makers, &c. JOHN M'ELROY.

may 26—6t

Fashionable Establishment

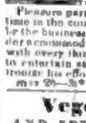
OF LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

MARTIN RICE, No. 85 North Third Street, opposite Chestnut street, offers to keep a constant assortment of the above articles. His stock, particularly of Children's Shoes, excells any thing offered in this city.

R. respectfully invites the attention of the Ladies to his establishment, confident that his terms and the quality of his goods, will meet their approbation. may 26—4t

Spread Eagle Hotel,

JENKINTOWN.



THE friends of the subscriber, and the public in general, are most respectfully informed, that he has removed to the above Tavern Stand, in the village of Jenkintown, 10 miles from Philadelphia, on the Old York Road, where he will be happy to accommodate travellers and others, who may do him the favor of calling.

Pleasure parties, and individuals, desirous of spending a short time in the country, will find the situation pleasant: and it will be the business as well as the pleasure of the subscriber, to render accommodations comfortable. He has furnished his house with every thing requisite both to bar and larder, to enable him to entertain satisfactorily those who may feel disposed to patronize his efforts to please.

DANIEL STRAWN.

may 26—3t

Vegetable Lithontriptic

AND SPECIFIC SOLVENT POWDERS.

THIS preparation is a remedy for the gravel and all its kindred complaints. It is the most efficient remedies for the Dropsy. The evidences in favor of its curative powers are too numerous to be inserted in an advertisement.

Sold by Isaac Thompson, at the north west corner of Market and Second streets, and D. Rice and Co. South Second street, opposite Germans. Price $2 per bottle.

may 26—3m

OLD CROSS KEYS,

No. 14 and 16 North Fourth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber, thankful for former patronage, informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the two houses adjoining his old and well known establishment. These houses have been fitted up in a superior manner, and the situation in the centre of business, (being in Fourth Street near Market.) Merchants and others will find it very advantageous to give him a call, as he intends to devote an unremitting attention to his customers, and his charges will be moderate.

Attached to those houses is one and capacious stabling for a number of horses.

may 26—3mo L. RITTENGER

Steam Mill.—Flour, Feed & Plaster.

COGGINS & MIDDLETON respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they are now prepared, at the Penn Township Steam Mill, south east corner of Callowhill and 10th streets, to furnish Wheat and Rye Flour, made from the best selected Grain, and warranted good—likewise, Horse Feed, of all the various kinds, prepared to order, in large or small quantities, and sent to any part of the city.

Also, calcined and land plaster, constantly on hand.

Those who deal in the above articles will find it their interest to call, as they will be supplied on the reasonable terms, and their orders attended to with promptitude.

N. B. Grain wanted at the above place. may 12—3m

Bowel Complaint or Diarrhœa,

AND CHOLERA MORBUS, CURED.

THE medicine which has proved so highly successful in the cure of the above complaints, in a few hour's time, is still kept for sale, wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM BAKER, Druggist,

No. 16 North Fifth st, Philada. sole agent for the Proprietor. Price 25 cents per bottle. In the summer season no family should be without this medicine. may 19—3t

Boarders Wanted.

TWO young men can be accommodated with board on reasonable terms, at No. 19 South Second street. may 19—4t*

Carpenter's Saratoga Powders,

FOR making *Congress Water, or Saratoga Waters, equal to that Drank from the Springs*, manufactured and for sale, only, by GEORGE W. CARPENTER,

At his Chemical Warehouse, 201 Market st., Philada.

There is perhaps scarcely an individual in the United States, who is not acquainted either by experience or report, with the valuable virtues of the Congress and Saratoga Waters of Saratoga.—From thirty to fifty thousand persons annually visit these Springs, many from the remotest sections of the United States, and some from the West Indies, and other foreign places. The great expense attending the procuring the pure water, the duration of the community, (more than nine out of ten,) and the bottled water, from its high price, prevents its use to the extent of health preservable, confines it to a small number. It appears to be a serious evil that so valuable an article should be so restricted, that comparatively few should be able to enjoy what is so conducive to general health in the hot months of our summer months. From these circumstances, Geo. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the preparation of the above powders, containing all the essential substances with which these celebrated Springs are impregnated, and from which the waters of the Congress Springs derive their virtues, and are effectually imitated. With a view to accommodate the public, at a rate being more convenient and valuable a substitute for those waters, he has been induced to go very extensively into the manufacture of the same, and to put them at a price to be within the reach of most persons. For the accommodation of the public, agents have been appointed in the cities and principal inland towns, to give a general circulation to an useful an article throughout the country. The public are recommended to make trial of these powders, as he finds by experience, and from the opinion of the most eminent of the faculty that the water is safe from their use, and in every medical condition, is as effectual in its operations and precise in taste, as that taken immediately from the Springs. These powders are therefore very valuable as a public remedy in all cases where Saratoga Waters are prescribed.

Persons on sea voyages, or residing at a distance from the Springs, and in warm climates, will at once perceive the great convenience of making use of these powders, which besides being more portable, and less expensive than the bottled water, will be without injury for any length of time; and as they are equal in medical effect to that taken fresh from the Springs, they are certainly much preferable from the many advantages they possess.

☞ These powders are superior to the Seidlitz, inasmuch as they are equally efficient and agreeable, and at the same time possessing tonic and chalybeate qualities, a most superior purge, and are consequently better adapted in weak and debilitated constitutions than any other cathartic in use.

Purified directions accompany the packages.

Caution.—The reputation and demand which Carpenter's Saratoga Powders have acquired will no doubt be an inducement for the ignorant to attempt their preparations. The proprietor has already received information that spurious and deleterious imitations have been made, and the sales are effected upon the reputation and character of his preparation. He therefore cautions the public against purchasing them of those who proposing to manufacture them for sale. He also requests that no powders may be purchased unless the words "Carpenter's Saratoga Powders" are engraved on the stamp, and the signature of "Geo. W. Carpenter" written across the face of the label, without which none will be genuine.

may 19—tf GEORGE W. CARPENTER.

Summer Boarding House.

MRS. JANE WILSON, late of the Broadwayine Springs, (Delaware,) has taken a large and commodious house in the pleasant village of Salem, New Jersey, where she will make every exertion to render the comfort of such as may favor her with their company.

Salem, N. J. April 25, 1839. may 19—4t*

Cologne Water of Superior Quality.

PREPARED after the original FARINA recipe, which must therefore be equal to the genuine article imported direct from Cologne; all ingredients are warranted to be of the first quality. For sale at No. 304 Race street, one door above Seventh. march 3—3mo

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Oils, Paints, Glass, &c. &c.

THE subscribers have recently opened a wholesale and retail store, at the corner of Fifth and Minor streets, between Market and Chestnut, Philadelphia, where a general assortment of the above articles, of good quality, will be constantly kept on hand. They have also made arrangements for collecting, and procuring, in neat packages, *medicinal and culinary herbs*, both *indigenous and exotic*, which they intend disposing of upon reasonable terms. HARLAN & FIDDALL.

N. B. Persons well acquainted with, and disposed to collect herbs, may make advantageous engagements for the ensuing season, by early application. april 7—6mo

EAST BRADFORD BOARDING SCHOOL,

FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.

THE institution is situated about 24 miles from Philadelphia, 16 from Wilmington and 6 from West Chester. Its retired, healthy and pleasant situation, as many of the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia, Wilmington and elsewhere who have patronised the school, can testify, renders it peculiarly adapted for those who live in crowded cities and wish to have their children placed in the country.

The course of studies embraces all the useful branches of an English education, viz. spelling, reading, penmanship, English grammar, arithmetic, geography with the use of maps and globes, composition, history, botany, chemistry, &c. The pure and mixed mathematics, viz. Algebra, geometry, mensuration, surveying, navigation, plane and spherical trigonometry, conic sections, physical and practical astronomy, and fluxions, with their various applications, natural and experimental philosophy with the Latin and French languages, and the elements of the Greek.

TERMS.—Thirty dollars per quarter, payable in advance, will cover all expenses of boarding and tuition, except books and stationary, if not paid in advance the charge will be thirty-three dollars.

Drawing and painting will be taught at an additional charge of five dollars per quarter for painting in water colours and ten dollars for painting in oil. JOSEPH L. STRODE.

may 19—3t*

Watches, Jewellery, & Silver WARE.

THE subscriber having removed from his old stand, No. 89, to his newly fitted up store, No. 202 Market street, south side, 3d door below Eighth street, where he has opened and offers for sale a fresh and elegant assortment at wholesale and retail, gold and silver patent lever and plain watches, chains, seals, keys, breast pins, finger rings, buttons, castle sticks, bread baskets, silver, plated and steel spectacles to suit persons of all ages, over painted pencils, musical boxes, mantel time pieces of different patterns, and a variety of other fancy articles, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

N. B. Watches of all description, as usual, repaired and warranted. WILLIAM BAILY.

may 19—6mos

Ladies and Gentlemen,

WE are now selling at 272 Market street, above Eighth, Dry Goods 30 per cent. cheaper than can be bought in the city, either wholesale or retail.

3 pieces of super 4-4 heavy changeable Lutestrings, only 37½
Super rich colored Gro de Naps, only 62½
Super colored Florences, ... 50
6-4 real Italian Lutestring, only 50 cents and worth 75
Ladies' fashionable collars, slightly stained, only 10
First quality colored Gro de Rheins, ... 50
100 pieces 6-4 rich curtain muslins, ... 50
Barege super do. do. 31½
Large assortment of 4-4 5-4 6-4 bobbinet, ... 50
Fine 6-4 Cambrics muslins, only 12½
White ground French chintzes, ... 12½
6-4 Brown linen drill, ... 25
First quality black Gro de Nap, only 37½
Extra rich French worked collars, ... 50
Man's superfine linen shirt collars, only 10
Fine thread work bobbinet lace, ... 12½
Cambric capes, worth $3 50 per piece, only $2 00
Large assortment of white 4-4 5-4 and 6-4 crape shawls at a very reduced price.
6-4 fan p lelin, ... 62½
Infant's caps, ... 62½
Also, a large assortment of traveling baskets at half price.
300 Ladies' and Misses' superfine Leghorn flats, only 21 cts
A large and general assortment of dry goods. may 19—3t*

The Indian Extract

FOR changing, red, light, or grey hair to a beautiful black or brown, without injury to its texture or staining the skin.

This excellent preparation differs entirely from the various articles known for the same purpose, as for instance, the famous Essence of Tyre, which is only a solution of Lunar Caustic and highly destructive to the hair, as well as indelibly staining the skin. The Indian Extract, on the contrary, nourishes the hair and promotes a growth of beauty. In five or six hours after its application, the hair becomes of the desired colour; or if applied at night, the change will have taken place by morning; every shade of colour from a light brown to a beautiful jet black, may easily be produced by following the directions accompanying each bottle, to persons who are becoming grey, or are already so; this article is a complete remedy. Those persons who have used the Indian Extract have in a few hours made them as black as ebony. In order that there may be no mistake, the money will be refunded if the article on a fair trial of one bottle does not effect the desired purpose.

Price $1 50 per bottle. Sold only in Philadelphia by

L. W. GLENN,

may 19—3w No. 84 South 3d st., four doors above Walnut

A new System of Penmanship.

TAUGHT at No. 85 North Fifth street, between Race and Vine. The system possesses advantages over most others for ease and rapidity, the pupil may write completely straight without ruling; this system has been highly recommended by some eminent professors, and the elegant development may be acquired in a few lessons; but the subscriber is desirous that all persons have not talents alike, and wishing to give each full satisfaction, the course of instruction will run out till success. If after a short trial any one is not pleased a good hand after passing through the general course of instruction, they may remain until they are satisfied, and no further charge will be made. For particulars apply as above.

may 19—3t* D. WEBB

Patent Fly Net

FOR CARRIAGE, GIG OR SADDLE HORSES.

THE subscriber having obtained Letters Patent, granted by the President of the United States, for the manufacture and vending of the above useful article, begs leave to inform the public, that he has them now for sale, at his Cowatch Lace, Fringe and Military Store in this city.

The above imported Patent Fly Net is manuf